THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JULY, 1805.

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2 VICTORIA entreating COUNT VICENZA to leave her.
3 LONDON FULL DRESS, elegantly coloured.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a SHIRT, &c.
5 Music—' The Good Man's Grave.'—An Elegy. Set to Music by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, *No.* 25, *Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to J. F. for his collections and extracts; we cannot, however, promise insertion to them all.

Observations on the Writings of a celebrated Poet of the present Day, are illiberal and unjust.

The Essay signed *Lucilla* shall appear.

The *Verses on the Illness and Recovery of a beautiful young Lady,* contain many good lines; but others so incorrect, that we would recommend the whole to the author's revision.

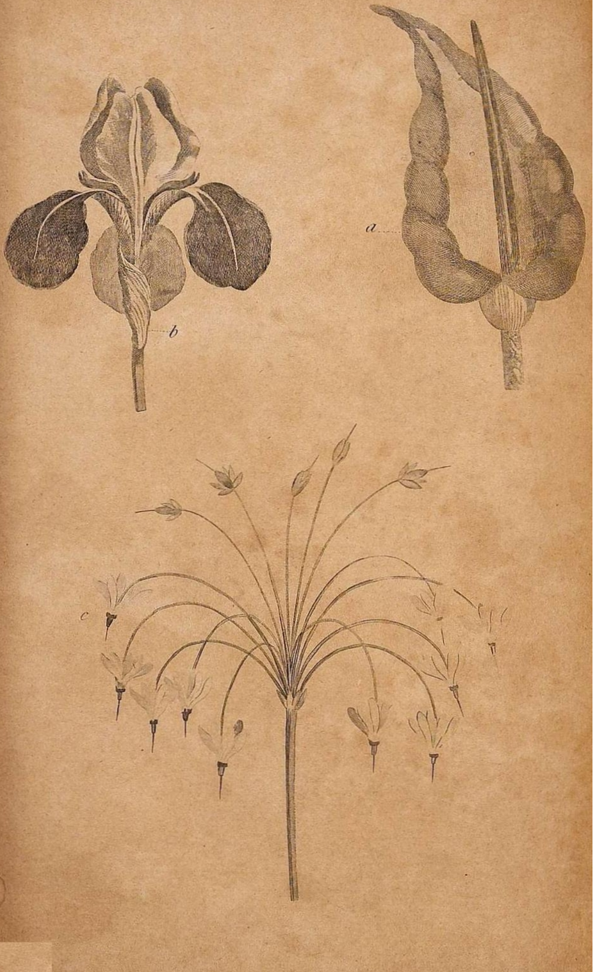
The Seducer's Tale—Lines to Miss M. L.—and F. C.'s Acrostic—are received.

We are sorry for the typographical mistakes pointed out by Belinda, in her *Lines on seeing the Bud of a Carnation very fresh late in November* 1804; they probably are to be attributed to the indistinctness of the hand-writing. —We readily insert, at her request, the following corrections.——

ERRATA in the Poetry of the Magazine for May, page 271.

Stanza 3—*line* 3, for *How should these feeble*—read *Now should, &c.*
Stanza 4—*line* 2, for *Mere ignorance*—read *Where ignorance.*
Stanza 7—*line* 1, for *The faithful thorn*—read *Too faithful thou,*

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



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Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Plate 8.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JULY, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

FOURTH LESSON.

WE will now recapitulate the whole of the preceding doctrines contained in the foregoing lessons, as they form the basis of all our knowledge of botany.

A GENERAL RECAPITULATION.

FLOWERS, although apparently so diversified, consist but of five* PARTS:

I. The PISTILLUM, in the center of the flower.

II. The STAMEN, exterior to this.—Both *projecting* bodies being extensions of the *pith* and *wood.*

The PISTILLUM is discriminated by a *swollen base,* which is the seed-vessel, or GERMEN, which being opened discloses the seeds.

The STAMEN is discriminated by having a *part which forms the pollen,* or coloured farina, called an ANTHER by botanists.

A *perfect* PISTILLUM is composed of three *parts:*

1. The STIGMA, at top, rarely absent, though sometimes obscure.

2. The STYLE, elevating the Stigma, not absolutely essential.

3. The GERMEN, or seed-vessel, always present.

A *perfect* STAMEN is composed of two *parts:*

1. The ANTHER, at top, containing the fertilising pollen, always present.

2. The FILAMENT, elevating the anther, not so essential, being absent in some flowers.

For the protection and nourishment of the SEXUAL ORGANS of vegetables (viz. the Pistilla and Stamina), Nature has furnished two other parts.

III. The COROLLA, interior.

IV. The CALYX, exterior.—Both *expanded bodies,* being expansions of the *bark* and *rind.*

These are discriminated not only by their *respective situations,* but by the *greater delicacy* of the COROLLA compared with the CALYX, which last is usually green. These parts are not absolutely essential, some

* The *Receptacle,* or basis of the flower, is considered by us as forming part of the peduncle, or flower-stalk, and not as constituting any part of the flower.

flowers being destitute of one, or both of them.

As an appendage to the Corolla, there is found in some plants,

V. The NECTARIUM, for the secreting, and containing of honey.

UNISEXUAL FLOWERS are such as have the *pistil* and *stamen* in *separate corollas*. These plants are very few compared with those which are BISEXUAL, or have the *two sexual organs in the same corolla*.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING that you allow a monthly portion of your amusing miscellany to the pleasing science of botany, I beg leave to notice an experiment, said to have been frequently tried with success—*viz*. that of streaking and variegating flowers by means of threads passed through the roots with a needle, and there suffered to remain.

Threads of *different colors* have been used for this purpose. It may, however, be reasonably questioned, whether the color of the thread have any effect whatever in the case, and whether the simple wounding of the root be not the sole cause of the streaks afterwards observable in the flower, and proceeding from what may in fact be considered as a disease in the root. But, as I have never myself *seen* the experiment fairly and decisively tried, I leave the question to be determined by persons practically versed in the culture of flowers; intending no more in this short address than barely to suggest the hint of the operation to such of the fair florists among your readers, as happen to have never before heard of it.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

Islington, July 20. J. CAREY.

P.S. I avail myself of this opportunity, to observe (in answer to numerous inquiries) that *I* am *not* the person, who, under the title of '*Dr. Carey*,' has lately advertised certain '*Restorative Drops*,' and '*Egyptian Ointment*;' that I know nothing of those medicines; and that I neither have nor ever had any concern, directly or indirectly, in the preparation, sale, or profits, of any quack medicine whatever. J. C.

ON THE LOVE OF DISPUTATION.

THOUGH men dispute for the purpose of ascertaining truth, there are few men who find less of it than those who dispute a great deal. The habit of disputation is a dangerous one. It creates such a love of triumph, that men acquire a dexterity of handling unintelligible subjects with a view only to conquest. By this means, eager disputants abandon the plain paths of reason and truth, and wander into the fields of imagination and conjecture. When men confine their investigations to such points as admit of demonstration, he who takes the right side of the question will, with equal abilities, put his adversary to silence. The subject will be stripped of all adventitious glare, and the light of truth will shine conspicuously over error and sophistry. But those who dispute merely for the love of such a practice know too well that they should have very little to do with reason and common sense. It should be their main object to elude the arguments of other people by the refinements of art and evasion.

Discussion is, no doubt, an important medium of investigating truth. It opens a spirit of enquiry in the world, and excites in cool disinterested men a desire of com-

ing at the real knowledge of such things as are capable of being known. The warm disputants, however, only start the game: the acquisition falls to men of candour and impartiality, who take the right track, and often overtake their object. It is easy to observe, that the most violent disputes which prevail among men are on subjects of such a nature that they admit not of certainty. Many points of disputation are enveloped in such unknown or remote contingencies, as elude all the powers of investigation. After all the discussion that can be had on some subjects, truth will keep out of sight, and the point in debate remain undetermined. If men, however, manage their altercations with good humour and moderation, some benefit will result from them. Discussion gives scope to the imagination, and habituates the reasoning faculty to a dexterity in its processes.

No circumstance reflects more dishonour on human nature than the ill-will and persecutions that have been instigated by such disputes as are not only unimportant in themselves, but utterly incapable of being demonstrated. The periods of ecclesiastical contention draw over the character of man some of its darkest shades. To a person of a liberal mind, it seems an incredible thing that a useless question, unattended with any rational data which might lead to a solution, should throw whole cities, districts, and countries, into broils, persecutions, and wars.

Though a free spirit of enquiry should at all times be tolerated, I would still recommend it to prudent individuals to have little connection with those who have the principal management of disputes. They are not the men from whom truth flows with purity and force. It is easy to perceive, that the originator of any system or question will be apt to commence his enquiries with an aim to victory. Truth is no further to be regarded in his pursuit than as it coincides with the favourite doctrine under examination. The system must not yield to the dictates of reason; but, whenever they come in competition, reason must be sacrificed to system.

Lovers of altercation are not only to be shunned as bad guides in our researches after truth, but as troublesome associates and dangerous friends. A warm partisan estimates the merits of his acquaintance according as he promotes or defeats the schemes he has in contemplation. As these schemes generally will be wrong, his friend must either quarrel with him, or participate in his errors and quarrels.

Wakefield, June 3. M. L.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 288.)

AMONG the foreign birds related to the rollers Buffon places first,

THE ABYSSINIAN ROLLER.

THIS bird, called *coracias Abyssinia* by Gmelin, in its plumage greatly resembles the European roller, but its colours are more lively and brilliant, which is probably to be ascribed to the influence of a drier and hotter climate. The two side feathers of the tail project five inches beyond the rest. The point of the upper mandible is very hooked.

The *Senegal roller* is to be considered as only a variety of that of Abyssinia. The principal difference between them is, that in the latter the orange-colour of the back does not ex-

tend to the neck and hind part of the head, as it does in the Senegal roller. But this difference does not appear sufficient to constitute two distinct species, especially as both these birds are found in nearly the same climate; as they are alike in the shades, lustre, and distribution of their colours; as the two lateral quills in both are double the length of the intermediate ones, and the wings of both are shorter than those of the European roller.

THE ANGOLA ROLLER, OR THE MINDANAO ROLLER.

These two rollers, says Buffon, resemble each other so exactly that it is impossible to separate them. That of Angola is distinguished from the other by the length of the exterior quills of the tail, which is double that of the intermediate ones, and by some slight variations in the colours of its plumage. Such minute differences may, however, be the effect of age or even of moulting; or, they may be merely the distinctions of sex. Even the descriptions of Brisson, who supposes them to be two species, as well as an inspection of the figures we have of them, will tend to confirm the opinion that the species are the same. Both are nearly of the size of the European roller, and in general have a similar shape. The bill, in both, is somewhat hooked; the nostrils are naked; the legs short; the toes long; and the colours of the plumage, though differently distributed, are always blue, green, and brown, which are sometimes distinct, sometimes mixed and blended, forming a variety of shades and reflections. The crown of the head is of a blueish or sea-green: all the fore part of the body brown or green, more or less deep, with some tints of violet on the throat. The belly, wings, rump, and tail, are blue or green, or the various shades which arise from the mixture of those colours. The Mindanao roller, however, has a tinge of orange, which that of Angola has not.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that Angola is at a great distance from Bengal, and still further from the Philippine islands. But is it impossible, continues the French naturalist, or is it not indeed natural, that these birds should spread themselves through the different parts of the same continent, or the neighbouring islands which are connected with it, perhaps by the continuation of the same chain, especially in climates so similar? Besides, we cannot always expect that those who import from distant countries their different productions should never make any mistake; and the intercourse of the Europeans with the various regions of the globe is now so extended and frequent, that a bird found in the East Indies might have been carried to Guinea, and afterwards imported as a native of Africa. If, then, we ascribe the slight differences between the roller of Mindanao and that of Angola to age, the latter must be the oldest of the two; if to the difference of sex, it must be the male; for it is well known, that in the rollers the beautiful colours of the plumage do not make their appearance till the second year; and it may be considered as a general law with respect to the conformation of the feathered tribes, that, in every species of birds, the male, when it differs from the female, is of a larger size, and distinguished by a plumage brighter and richer in its colour.

The Angola roller is called in the Linnæan system *coracias caudata;* and that of Mindanao, *coracias Bengalensis:* the latter is the Bengal roller of Latham, and the Bengal pie, or jay, of Albin.

The *Roller of the Indies*, the *coracias Orientalis* of Gmelin, and the *Oriental roller* of Latham, differs from the preceding merely in the distribution of its colours, which are always blue, green, brown, &c.; in general, however its plumage is more dusky, its bill is also broader at the base, more hooked, and of a yellow colour. This has longer wings than the rollers before described.

THE MADAGASCAR ROLLER.

THIS species differs from all the preceding in several particulars: the wings and tail are longer, the eyes larger, and the plumage is of a uniform purple-brown, excepting only that the bill is yellow. The lower belly is of a light blue; the largest quills of the wings black; the tail light blue like the belly, and edged at the extremity with a bar of three shades, viz. purple, light blue, and dark purple, approaching to black. It has all the other characters of the roller tribe;—short feet, the edges of the upper mandible scalloped near the point, the small feathers which bend back from the base of the bill, and naked nostrils.

The two other foreign birds enumerated by Buffon, as included in, or related to, the rollers, are the *Mexican roller*, and what he terms the *Paradise roller*. The former is called by Seba the Mexican blackbird; but Brisson makes it his eighth roller, and Gmelin likewise admits it among the rollers, by the name of *coracias Mexicanus*. In its colours, however, it differs from the general character of those birds. The upper part of the body is of a dull grey, intermingled with a reddish tinge; and the under of a light grey, mixed with flame-colour.

The *Paradise roller* is classed by Linnæus with the orioles, under the name of *oriolus aureus*; and by Edwards with the birds of paradise, under the denomination of the *golden bird of paradise*. Buffon considers it as connecting the rollers and the birds of paradise, because it has the shape of the former, at the same time that it resembles the latter in the smallness of its size and the situation of the eyes under and very near the junction of the mandibles, and by a sort of natural velvet which covers the throat and part of the head. The two long quills of the tail, which are sometimes met with in the European roller, and which are much longer in that of Angola, are another character connecting the genus of the roller with that of the bird of paradise.

The upper part of the body of this bird is of a vivid and brilliant orange, the under of a fine yellow. The feathers of the back part of the neck are long and flexible, and spread on the sides, over the neck and breast.

The numerous species of birds and other animals whose general resemblance, on the one hand, is as striking as their distinct difference on the other, and the nice gradations by which species is connected with species and genus with genus, which frequently perplex and puzzle the most acute descrimination of the naturalist, and derange his systems, cannot but impress the attentive observer with a reverential admiration of that Power who has so diversified with infinite wisdom his great and manifold works, that equally in the order of their arrangement as in their construction they elude human comprehension.

I remain, with the utmost respect and affection for your ladyship,

EUGENIA.

ANECDOTES.

THE night before the battle of Blenheim, after a council of war had been held in the duke of Marlborough's tent, at which prince Louis of Baden and prince Eugene had assisted, the latter, after the council had broke up, stept back to communicate something he had forgot to the duke, whom he found giving orders to his aid-de-camp, colonel Selwyn (who related the fact), at the table, on which there was now only a single taper burning, all the others being extinguished the moment the council was over.—'What a man is this,' said prince Eugene, 'who at such a time can think of saving the ends of candles!'

WHEN lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him: to which lord Cornbury answered, with a composed dignity—'How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold; or at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?'—To this anecdote Pope is supposed to allude in these lines:

Would you be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains:
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

COUNT de Grammont, a courtier very acceptable to Louis XIV. for his wit and courtly manners, said to that king, with respect to M. de Feuquiere his nephew, at a time when his majesty was about to dispose of nine bishoprics—'Sire, I thought the abbé de Feuquiere was a man of such merit, as would engage your majesty to think of him: but you seem to have forgotten him, so that I am almost inclined to have an ill opinion of him. Your majesty will therefore give me leave, should he be forgotten at the next nomination, to propose that he be shut up in a seminary.'—The king took the hint, and the abbé had a valuable bishopric conferred upon him at that very promotion.

IN the insurrection which happened in Ireland, in 1642, orders were given to the earl of Ormond, and sir James Coote, who commanded the king's troops there, to pillage, burn, and destroy the countries of the rebels. Coote executed these orders rigorously; Ormond with more humanity and prudence, yet with a severity sufficient to afford the rebel leaders a pretence of complaint. Lord Gormanstown, a rebel chief, remonstrated by letter against his proceedings; which, if continued, he threatened Ormond that his wife and children should answer for. The reply of Ormond to his threat is worthy to be recorded. He wrote to Gormanstown, reproached him with his disloyalty, vindicated himself, and declared his resolution of prosecuting the rebels at the hazard of every thing dear to him, in pursuance of his king's command. 'My wife and children,' said he, 'are in your power. Should they receive any injury from men, I shall never revenge it on women and children:—that would be not only base and unchristian, but infinitely beneath the value at which I rate my wife and children.'

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 304.)

CHAP. XXXI.

NEAR an hour of expectation had elapsed when the duchessa appeared, leaning upon the arm of Bianca. Victoria arose at her entrance, but did not advance a single step to meet her. The duchessa, evidently in the utmost embarrassment, approached with tottering steps the spot where dignity and innocence immoveably stood, in the person of her interestingly lovely, though wan and languid niece, whom she folded to her bosom with a strong pressure, which she hoped might be mistaken for the ardent embrace of affection. Her air, and whole aspect, had now lost all that commanding superiority which had hitherto so conspicuously marked her manners and appearance. Humbled by the proclamation of her vices, she trembled in the august presence of virtue, and sunk abashed on the couch beside Victoria, a hand of whom she held fast locked within her own, and whose altered countenance, recent illness, and late calamities, she deplored with all the exquisite feeling the most consummate art could teach her to assume; and eagerly she strove to overwhelm the resentment and remembrance of injury in Victoria's gentle bosom, by an impetuous torrent of tender speeches and caresses, and all the refined adulation of an accomplished parasite. But Victoria's acute perception, no longer clouded by partiality, soon penetrated through the veil of hypocrisy; and truly was she grieved to find each moment new causes for despising the woman she had long loved with filial fondness, and whom her dear deluded father had chosen for her guardian and her guide.

The duchessa continued about an hour with our heroine, during which time she had taken particular care that her eyes should never once encounter Victoria's; but with downcast looks she sat, fearing to meet the glances that might develop the secrets of her guilty soul.

Victoria was sad and unhappy after this painful interview, which by no means lessened her fears of her guardian's perfidy; so that when her dinner was served, to the great chagrin of Roselia, she could not eat: and that affectionate girl felt the most dreadful alarms, lest new agitation and disquiet should again subdue her beloved and persecuted lady.

Soon after dinner, Bianca brought word that the duchessa would take her coffee with Victoria; and very shortly after that diabolical woman made her appearance, with an air of infinitely less embarrassment than she had discovered in their first interview. When they had taken their coffee, and the domestics had retired, the duchessa entreated our heroine to gratify her by a recital of all that had befallen her since she had so fatally encountered the Pyrenean banditti. Victoria instantly complied, and artlessly, but energetically, recounted all the horrors and distresses she had met with; suppressing only those anecdotes which, by being repeated to conte Vicenza, might prove injurious to any one.

At some parts of this narrative the duchessa was really affected; at others, only assumed the appearance of being so: and when Victoria ended her eventful tale, she clasped her to her bosom, emphatically congratulating her upon her

providential escape from such unheard-of dangers and calamities; and fervently would she pray, she said, that the remainder of her adored and angelic niece's life might be marked only by exquisite happiness. 'But, my Victoria, my sweet, seraphic, suffering child! tell me,' she continued with a softened voice and insinuating smile, 'who is this Hippolyto, this exalted hero of your interesting story?'

'I know nothing of his family, duchessa, or of his connections: I found him, by some strange caprice of fortune, amongst the domestics of that horrid castle, and proved him to be possessed of every virtue under heaven.'

'But my Victoria,' replied the duchessa, putting on a look of archness, 'by the emotion of her sweetly intelligent countenance, and by her animated energy of expression, whilst speaking of this wonderful young man, discovers to every attentive observer, that this being, "possessed of every virtue under heaven," is at least deficient in that very essential one called honesty.'

Victoria started in amazement; and, with a bosom glowing with indignation at such an unjust aspersion, was hastening to vindicate her hero's fame, when the duchessa, with increased playfulness of looks and manner, continued—

'A breach of trust can be incontestably proved upon this very worthy monsieur Hippolyto; for, while the unsuspecting maid, trusting in his faith and honour, consigned herself to his protection, he insidiously and imperceptibly stole away her heart.'

'Nay, now I see you are jesting, duchessa,' Victoria replied gravely, while her before pallid cheeks were animated by the most glowing tint of vermilion.

'Serious, on my life!' said the duchessa.

'Heavens, duchessa! how could you suppose any thing so totally impossible? I should be insensible to the attractive power of virtue, to the sweet influence of genuine gratitude, did I not estimate and admire Hippolyto with all the energy of enthusiasm; and although I give him my friendship, my esteem, my highest admiration, yet for me to give my heart to Hippolyto would surely be so very contrary to Nature's dictates, that I must ever consider it an utter impossibility:' and she bent her eyes to the ground, offended and confused.

'Why, so it would, my love! if Cupid had no influence over the operations of the mind. But surely, Victoria, you must (at least in theory) have long since known the attributes of the little urchin. Was Farinelli so very fastidious as never to permit your taking lessions from novels and romances?'

'Signora Farinelli certainly often allowed me to peruse such novels and romances as she herself approved of.'

'And still so unlearned in the theory of love! Well then, my pretty novice, I must instruct you, and tell you all the properties of the blind boy, who is invested with full power to overcome all rationality in the human mind; to wage war with Nature's self; to reign lord paramount over the optics, whose faculties he can at pleasure weaken or prevent; often sportively making his votaries blind to every imperfection, or deceiving, by the aid of his delusive perspectives, where every object appears perfect in beauty and virtue. And such contrary forms can he make every beloved object assume in the eyes of those he has ensnared, so effectually can he change black into white, and white into black, that it would be by no means extraordinary if friendship, admiration, and gra-

titude had been taught by love to lead you into his toils, and that in your eyes this negro should appear a rival to Adonis. Nay, so sure am I of my conjectures being well founded, that was Hippolyto to be led forth to be broken upon the wheel, for the murder of my lord———'

Victoria shrieked. 'Just Heaven forbid!' she cried. 'Oh! duchessa! what horrid phantom have you conjured up to terrify me? Hippolyto broken upon the wheel?—Hippolyto!—for murder! Why, surely, surely ——' Her breathing became so short and difficult she could not proceed. Fervently she grasped Elvira's hand, and eagerly looked up in her face with an air of supplication, terror, and anxiety: but instantly she dropped the duchessa's hand—a thrill of horror darted through her heart—for on her aunt's countenance conspicuously sat an expression of the most malignant satisfaction.

'Why this emotion, my sweet love?' returned the duchessa, evidently disconcerted at the marked withdrawing of Victoria's hand. 'I did not say Hippolyto would suffer upon the wheel; it was only an hypothesis to prove my——'

'But though you did not *say* he would suffer,' eagerly interrupted Victoria, 'is there a probability, a possibility, of such a direful calamity?'

'I hope not,' said Elvira coldly: 'but conquer this at present unnecessary alarm.' She paused. Victoria sickened, and fell back upon the couch; and, had not the duchessa quickly applied some restoratives, she must have fainted. To dispel her niece's apprehensions was next Elvira's care; and she would have succeeded, had not a smile of mysteriousness accompanied all she said, which Victoria tremblingly observed: but, wishing for her aunt's absence, she affected to be composed, and the duchessa soon after departed for the night. As Victoria's narrative had necessarily taken up much time, it was then late. Roselia attended the moment Elvira retired, and strove, by every comforting suggestion, to alleviate the affliction and apprehensions of her lovely mistress, in whose feeling bosom the duchessa's words (but more her manner) had inflicted a wound that rankled dreadfully, forbidding sleep or peace: and the morning found her restless, unhappy, alarmed, and eagerly wishing for an interview with Hippolyto, to warn him of the dangers that might await him, should conte Vicenza's wound prove mortal; and more impatiently than ever did she long for the moment of her departure to St. Marguerite's. She had not found courage the preceding day to apprise the duchessa of her intended removal; and she was considering what method to pursue to gain her approbation to this measure, when that perfidious woman unexpectedly entered her apartments, with the most winning softness in her whole deportment. After inquiring, with apparent maternal affection, how her beloved child had rested, she, with an engaging smile, continued:—

'I have had a long conference with the holy fathers Pierre and Anselmo this morning; when I had the severe mortification of learning from them, that my Victoria means to tear herself from me this very day.'—Elvira paused, and Victoria faintly said—

'Considering that I had no longer a guardian, madam, I had so determined and arranged before your arrival.'

'But now I am here,' eagerly interrupted the duchessa, 'you will not surely, my sweetest love! so precipitately desert me. Consider how very extraordinary it must appear to the domestics in this château, and indeed to all the world, were you to

fly from hence the moment after my arrival.'

Victoria found herself in possession of sufficient self-command to suppress a sarcasm which forcibly suggested itself; but her eyes, not so amenable, darted a glance at the duchessa expressing more than language could convey. But, as a look demanded no reply, Elvira, though visibly disconcerted, hastily proceeded——

'I request nothing unreasonable; for I would not for worlds, in the delicate state my sweet child is in, contradict her wishes. All I solicit, my love, is, that you will postpone your intended departure for two or three days, when I will no longer oppose your leaving me; because,' and a flush of crimson now deepened the rouge upon the duchessa's cheeks, 'I shall then expect some guest, whom I should not approve of your meeting at present.'

Victoria, guessing that it was De Montfort her aunt alluded to, was pleased to find she had still some respect to the delicacy of her ward's fame; and therefore, notwithstanding her great impatience to be gone, assented to Elvira's request, and begged the reverend fathers might be apprised of her retarded removal.

'I will settle that with father Pierre, who is still here waiting to see his lovely patient,' said the duchessa, who, embracing Victoria for her kind acquiescence, immediately departed; and soon after father Pierre was introduced, on whose countenance was visible a dark lour, or thoughtful gloom, quite unusual to it. His cheeks were flushed, as if from agitation; and when he addressed Victoria, it was with a forced smile, and in a tremulous voice. He found her pulse much quicker, and her health in no respect so good as it had been the preceding day; and with petulance he exclaimed—

'Why was I so infatuated as not to comply with your wish of removing to our holy sisters? The little journey could not have injured you half so much as the arrival of this diabolical woman has done. But if I find you are not more composed to-morrow, I will be arbitrary; and may the blessed saints forsake me, if I allow you longer to remain in a place not befitting innocence to dwell in!'

'I have certainly been much agitated since I saw you yesterday, good father.'

'I wonder not that your delicate frame and susceptible mind should be agitated by this shocking woman, since she possessed power to discompose me, whom religious habits have long taught to behold with indifference all human events, except the sufferings of my fellow-creatures. But, although she had power to disturb the serenity of my temper, she had it not to corrupt my principles; and finding that I was not to be won by her insidious arts, she has turned all her artillery against our brother Anselmo. But, gentle and docile as he appears, his virtue is incorruptible.'

'You alarm me beyond measure, holy father! What new plot can my aunt have in agitation?'

'Fear not, my daughter. The monks of St. Lewis will protect you. The extent of her plot I know not; for, on perceiving by her preface that the work she was about was vile, my indignation would not suffer me to stay and hear further.'

'I apprehend, good father, that there is some direful plot framing for the destruction of the amiable, gallant Hippolyto.'

'There is something of that kind in her head. She ordered him hither at an early hour this morning, and he has not since returned to St. Lewis.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Victoria in agony of soul, 'my fears are verified, and she has given him to destruction.'

'Be composed, my daughter. I saw and conversed with him when my indignation led me from the duchessa. He has no fears, and defies her malice; therefore has assented to her proposal for his remaining here.'

'For the love of Heaven, good father, entreat him not to stay, but immediately to fly from France; for, should conte Vicenza's wound prove mortal, his destruction would, I fear, be inevitable.'

'See him yourself, my daughter. He agrees to stay here, from the hope of seeing you; for now, under the roof of your guardian, you need no longer scruple to grant him an interview. The duchessa has had a long conference with him. He is perfectly aware of her intentions, and has much to say to you upon the subject.'

'I will see him then, if possible, this morning,' Victoria said; and the monk soon after took leave, promising to see her again next morning, and charging her to take some composing medicines which he would immediately send to her.

Shortly after the good monk's departure Roselia entered, and was truly grieved to find our heroine so agitated and unhappy.

'Oh!' said Roselia, 'I wish we were safe out of this château, where I suppose there will be no peace for my dear lady. But do, dear lady Victoria! come and take a little walk. I am sure it will be of infinite service to you, the day is so pleasant; and monsieur Hippolyto said it would be the best thing you could do, and charged me to persuade you to it.'

'What, then you have seen him, Roselia?'

'Yes, madam, and have had a long conversation with him. He was so very anxious to hear every particular about your health and spirits, and he has such a fascinating manner, that I should never have got away from him, only he was so eager that you should walk! I think monsieur Hippolyto could, if he pleased, draw every secret of my heart from me, even had I crimes to reveal; and I am sure he could soon make me forget the colour of his complexion, particularly when I had constantly in my remembrance the loveliness of his deeds; and he certainly is the handsomest negro I ever beheld. His figure is the finest, and his eyes and teeth the most beautiful I almost ever saw. His eyes have nothing of that savage fierceness which has ever terrified me in other black people; although, indeed, I thought nothing less than lightning had flashed from them when I told him how very miserable lady Victoria was, so miserable about him, that she could take neither food nor rest since she had reason to fear his safety would be in danger should conte Vicenza's wound prove mortal. But in a moment after his eyes assumed the tenderness and softness of a dove's; and he was so grieved that you should suffer any alarm upon his account, that he entreated me to prevail upon you to let him see you on the terrace, that he may assure you he has nothing to apprehend. And wo'n't you, wo'n't you, lady Victoria, go?

Victoria was soon equipped for her walk, and was just upon the point of leaving her apartment, when Bianca made her unwished-for appearance, who came to desire Victoria would immediately attend the duchessa in an airing. Our much chagrined heroine wished to excuse herself, but in vain, as father Pierre had ordered her to be taken out in an open carriage; and the duchessa, Bianca said, had desired one to be

got ready on purpose for lady Victoria's accommodation.

CHAP. XXXII.

Unwillingly now our heroine descended the staircase, leaning upon the arm of Roselia, whom she desired to inform Hippolyto of her disappointment, and to assure him she would see him in the evening. In the hall they were met by the duchessa, who conducted her reluctant niece to the carriage, where she was agreeably surprised to find father Anselmo already seated.

They continued their airing about two hours, during which time the conversation found no other theme than the perfections of Hippolyto. Motives of delicacy kept Victoria silent upon the subject; but the monk and Elvira seemed absolutely charmed to enthusiasm by his conduct and manners, and appeared to find the highest pleasure in talking of this phænomenon, as they termed him. On their return to the château Victoria found herself so subdued by fatigue, that she could not comply with the duchessa's wish for her dining with her, but was compelled to retire to her chamber to take some rest; and while she was taking her coffee after dinner, Roselia alone attended, whose countenance betrayed a perturbation and anxiety which Victoria eagerly inquired the reason of.

'I shall not be comfortable or happy,' Roselia replied, until lady Victoria has left this château. Oh, how I wish we were safe with the good Benedictines!'

'What new cause have you for wishing it?' said Victoria in alarm.

'Because I every hour like less and less the conduct of the duchessa. Such repeated conferences with Bianca and Maratti can bode no good to any one.'

'Heaven defend us! Is Maratti then here? What, what can be the meaning of my aunt's bringing her steward with her to the comte de Montfort's château?'

'The duchessa, like a sorceress, cannot move without her familiar; and Heaven forgive me if I wrong them, lady Victoria; but I do think they are both familiar with crimes.'

'From my earliest days,' said Victoria, 'I have trembled at the sight of Maratti. He ever appeared to me like a being who had fed through life upon human calamities; and in his age, with the furrows time had traced upon his brow, was clearly told the food that had nourished him, with evident symptoms of an insatiable appetite for more. I never beheld him, but treason, cruelty, and murder, arose to my appalled imagination; and if he is engaged in any plot against us we well may tremble.'

'I know nothing, my dear lady, but that there has been much consultation amongst them; and that when I was returning from the terrace, after delivering your message to monsieur Hippolyto, I met Bianca and Maratti coming out of the wood in deep and earnest discourse. On seeing me they started in evident confusion, and instantly became silent, whilst they regarded me with a suspicious and inquisitive eye.'

Victoria's mind now imbibed all the apprehensions of Roselia, in addition to her own; and, much alarmed and perplexed, she instantly resolved to hasten her interview with Hippolyto, that she might persuade him to immediate flight, and consult with him upon the measures she should take to effect her own safety. Roselia she therefore dispatched to summon Hippolyto into the grounds; and she was equipping herself for her walk, when the duchessa, with strong symptoms of wildness and

despair in her countenance and deportment, suddenly rushed into the room, and flung herself into a seat without uttering a single word.

'Merciful Heaven! what can have thus agitated my aunt?' exclaimed our astonished and alarmed heroine.

The duchessa made no reply, but sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed with the immoveable gaze of soul-harrowing despair. Victoria trembled. At length, deep groans burst from Elvira's bosom, and she articulated, in the most piteous tones of grief, short sentences, interrupted only by convulsive sobs and sighs.

'Poor, poor, ill-fated Polydore!—Yes, I did once adore you! Infidelity, perjury, and unkindness, are now wiped from my remembrance. Oh, oh, my Polydore! my affection is revived; and oh, my heart! my bursting heart! keenly, deeply, I deplore your untimely, cruel fate.'

Victoria's vital warmth chilled to its source; and she shook with terror. Catching Elvira's hand, feebly she demanded—'Is conte Vicenza dead?'

'Yes,' exclaimed the duchessa, roughly flinging our heroine's trembling hand from her, and starting from her seat with terrifying wildness, 'yes, *your deliverer* murdered him.'

Victoria, clasping her hands in speechless agony, cast an eloquent look of reproach at her aunt, and sunk into a chair almost deprived of respiration. The duchessa snatched her to her breast—'Forgive my phrensy, my love, my child, my all I have now in life to rest upon! Look up, revive, my darling! and forgive your distracted parent. Adoring Polydore as I once did, can the feeling tender heart of my Victoria condemn or wonder at my agony, my distraction, at his dreadful fate? but shook as I am to the vitals of sensibility, do not believe that *I* accuse the gallant Hippolyto of murder.'

'Who, who does?' wildly Victoria demanded, shrinking from the ardent embraces of her aunt.

'Be composed, my lovely, my adored child! All may yet be well. We may have the power still to rescue him from the hands of justice.'

'Then he is accused!' faultered out Victoria, almost annihilated by horror.

'Alas! my child, it is too true. Polydore's sanguinary relations have done it. The dreadful account of my husband's death, and Hippolyto's attainder, reached me by the same horrid messengers——no less than those wretches who feed on human woes, called officers of justice, who have traced the unfortunate Hippolyto hither, and are come to drag him to his fate in the Bastile.'

Victoria, almost screaming with grief and dismay, sunk upon her knees at the duchessa's feet; and, as well as the anguish of her heart would permit, supplicated Elvira to save Hippolyto.

'Already, my love, have I done something towards it; for when Maratti disclosed the dreadful tidings to me, I had Hippolyto privately conducted to a remote chamber in the château, where he is now locked in, and the key in my possession: but, alas! this can avail us little, since the messengers have the king's warrant to search every part of the château and the neighbourhood.'

'Well,' said Victoria, suddenly catching a glimpse of comfort in the moment of despair, 'and if Hippolyto is brought to trial he must be acquitted. I was the only witness upon the dreadful occasion, and my single testimony will prove his innocence.'

'Alas, my child! you talk like

an artless being, unskilled in the wickedness of this depraved world. Power can ever in France silence justice. Conte Vicenza's friends are powerful and numerous: poor Hippolyto is a stranger and friendless.'

'My preserver cannot want numerous and powerful friends while the illustrious family of Ariosto live,' said Victoria haughtily.

'Certainly, was your brother here; but you forget how many leagues distance he is from hence, and not now the master of his own time; and you are not aware, my love, of the corruption practised in the Bastile: Hippolyto, on the instant of his arrival there, may be brought to trial, and execution may take place on the moment of condemnation.'

Victoria, bursting into an agony of tears, again, with all the energy her ardent feelings inspired, supplicated the duchessa to befriend Hippolyto.

'Should I conceal Hippolyto,' said Elvira, 'and screen him from the fangs of justice, should I not irreparably injure my own fame, and criminate myself? It was but too generally known the unhappy terms on which my late lord and I for a length of time lived; and were I to protect his murderer, as Hippolyto is unjustly denominated, what would the world say of me?'

'Alas! I know not,' replied Victoria, 'what the world might *say;* but I should *think* the man who repeatedly hazarded his life to deliver your orphan niece from the cruel atrocious plot formed to destroy her every hope of happiness merited at least protection from you, who solemnly promised my father, in the last moments of his life, to be my guardian, my guide, a fostering parent to me; and think, think, duchessa, that still from high my anxious father, your tender friend and brother, narrowly observes you, to see how well, how conscientiously, you execute the sacred trust he confided to your care.'

The countenance of the duchessa underwent a marked variety of changes during this short speech, emphatically delivered. Shame, guilt, and irresolution, were conspicuously blended, with other disguised expressions of dark and mysterious meaning. At length, after an interesting pause, during which Victoria keenly observed her, it suddenly assumed the character of cold and stern inflexibility—and, with a voice which proclaimed her steady to her purpose, she said—

'Unnecessary is further entreaty; since it is in your appropriate power, and yours alone, to save Hippolyto from an immediate and an ignominious death.'

'In mine!' exclaimed the dreadfully agitated and astonished Victoria: explain; name but the means, that I may fly to secure his safety.'

An awful pause ensued, which at length the duchessa broke, in a quick but hollow tone.

'Promise, solemnly promise, as your soul hopes to find eternal peace hereafter in the realms of endless bliss, with both your virtuous parents, to become to-morrow morning the wife of Hippolyto. Promise this to me, and the prosecution against his life shall instantly cease. I am authorised to tell you so.'

Victoria, with a look of mingled amazement and contempt, arose from the duchessa's feet; and, calmly taking a seat opposite to her, after a short interval of silence, in which her intelligent countenance eloquently expressed her feelings, she spoke with dignity and firmness.

'I am, 'tis true, but young in years; and in knowledge of the world much younger still: yet I am not so much a child, or so great a novice in the machinery which ac-

tuates human views and human events, not clearly to perceive that my becoming the wife of Hippolyto cannot be the project of conte Vicenza's relations, unless to cut off my evidence, which can be of consequence, if my marriage with him is to save him from persecution; and such inconsistency must lead me to believe that no sanguinary plot has been formed against Hippolyto by conte Vicenza's friends. Ah, no! this most extraordinary and inexplicable project has, alas! I fear been the work of those who ought to blush at forming or combining in any plots inimical to the interest or happiness of the late conte Ariosto's child. But let me take the liberty of requesting the duchessa di Manfredonia to inform those who employed her upon an embassy so disgraceful to her, and insulting to me, that Victoria di Modena feels most properly her obligations for the alliance so suited to her birth, which with such parental tenderness they have endeavoured to form for her; but that, highly as she estimates the virtues and services of Hippolyto, enthusiastic as she owns her gratitude and admiration are, she is not to be duped by such a puerile plot, or terrified into a marriage with a stranger, whose birth, connexions, or history, are unknown to her. But even were she, in the enthusiasm of her gratitude, so far to forget the dignity of that illustrious house from which she sprung as to accede to such a degrading proposition, the duchessa di Manfredonia, feeling, as she must feel, the duty of a guardian, would oppose so improper an alliance, and, in respect and gratitude to her late brother's memory, exert her utmost power to save his child from ruin and his house from dishonour.'

'Are these your real sentiments?' said the duchessa, almost suffocating with rage.

'They are,' replied Victoria with firmness. 'My fears upon Hippolyto's account are now dissipated, and the influence of terror no longer destroys the faculties of judgment. The story of conte Vicenza's death I must believe a phantom, conjured up to delude; and feel convinced, that no one dares, or has the power, to touch the life of Hippolyto.'

'Your residence, child, in the castle of the Pyrenean brigands has certainly deranged your intellects,' said the duchessa, endeavouring to appear composed.

'No, duchessa,' Victoria replied; 'my early acquaintance with misery and misfortune has arranged my intellects, to see, with optics much too clear for my repose, cruel foes in those whom by nature and law I had a right to claim protection from:' and her voice faltering as she approached her period, she burst into tears.

'Well,' said Elvira, with the voice, gestures, and countenance of baleful implacable revenge—'well, and since you have learned to see your foes, learn also to beware their vengeance for your insults. What they have threatened they dare perform; and whether you choose to admit the authenticity of conte Vicenze's *murder* or not, your deliverer, whom you thus *gratefully* abandon to his fate, is in the hands of those whom your sagacity terms your foes; and you may prepare your crystalline optics to view him, ere many hours ensue, distended upon the wheel of torture a bleeding mangled corpse, sentenced to that doom by you for whom he did so much. The officers of justice are within call, and dare, and have the power, to lead him to immediate execution.'

Terror and grief again assailed

Victoria with accumulated torture from this short suspension; and she threw herself once more, in all the agony of the most acute mental suffering, at the duchessa's feet, to implore and plead; but that diabolical woman, spurning her thence, instantly arose, and, with the ghastly smile of malignant triumph, said—

'I once told you the only means of saving the life of your preserver, and of crowning him with riches, honours, happiness; but the imperious and penetrating Victoria di Modena rejected not only with scorn and indignation, but with insult to those whose power she braved and doubted; and soon shall she have cause to thank her own erring and haughty spirit for accelerating a calamity that only threatened at a distance; for before this hour to-morrow she shall be presented with fatal proof, that there are those who have power, and were dared by her, to touch the life of Hippolyto.' Then, with stern vengeance on her brow, and swift-winged malice brooding in her brain, she rushed out of the apartment. Victoria would have followed, to promise every thing to insure Hippolyto's safety, but she possessed not power to move; and extended upon the floor in a state of agitation almost too much for her fragile frame to sustain was she found in some time after by Roselia, who, as well as her concern and alarm would permit, exerted herself to compose the lovely sufferer.

By broken sentences and apostrophes that burst from Victoria, Roselia soon learned the cause of her agonising perturbation, and deeply felt the cruelty of her situation, without being able to afford her any advice or consolation. Her gratitude to, and admiration of, Hippolyto were extreme; and she could not endure the thoughts of any evil befalling him; nor yet could she brook the dreadful idea of her beautiful, accomplished, and high-born lady becoming the wife of an obscure negro. All poor Roselia could do, then, was to heave sigh for sigh, and shed tear for tear, with her afflicted lady, and to unite with her in prayers to Heaven for succour.

At length Victoria thought of Diego, who had proved himself such an able and willing friend to her. 'Go, dear Roselia!' said she, 'and bring my good Diego to me. He will extricate me from this state of horror, if sense, prudence, attachment, and courage, can do it.'

Roselia hung her head in evident embarrassment. Victoria caught new alarm; and Roselia hastened to inform her that Diego was no longer in the château. 'That,' said she, 'was amongst my reasons, to-day, for wishing us removed to St. Marguerite's; but I did not like to tell you all my causes of alarm at once. Francis informed me that the duchessa, thinking the illness which still hangs about Diego is a disordered mind, sent him early this morning to the Carthusian convent, for the monks to reason him into health; nor would she permit him to see you before his departure, although he earnestly supplicated for that indulgence.'

'Was Diego's benefit her real motive, I should thank her for his removal; but, alas! I fear it was solely to deprive me of the only friend who could assist me now;' and bitterly she wept at the peculiar forlornness of her situation, and at the confirmation of evil which Diego's secret removal but too plainly told.

'But, my dear lady,' said the sympathising Roselia, 'weep not for this. St. Lewis's is within our reach; and, if you think Diego's presence can afford you even one gleam of com-

fort, I will myself bring him to you.'

Victoria thankfully and eagerly accepted the offer of Roselia, who instantly set out to bring, if possible, father Pierre as well as Diego to the château; and during the interval of her absence, the mind of our heroine was agitated with so many painful emotions, such quick transitions of hopes and fears, that we cannot attempt the delineation of her feelings. At length Roselia, chagrined and sad, appeared alone.

'What,' said Victoria mournfully, 'and would they not come to me?'

'Alas, lady Victoria! I have not been at the convent at all. I got out of the château, as I thought, without observation; and had run about half-way to St. Lewis's, when Maratti overtook me, and savagely dragged me back to the château, in spite of all my struggles and remonstrances; and in my hearing, he has given orders to the porter not to let me out of the château until he gives leave. But the worst part of my story is,' continued she, bursting into tears, 'that just as we approached the house, I saw that wretch Bianca emerging from a thick part of the wood, in earnest conference with two men, with whom she entered the château by a private door. I had a full view of the men; and they so much resembled bravos, that I am certain they are come upon some sanguinary purpose.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Victoria, in an agony of grief and consternation, 'then Hippolyto's life is too truly in danger, and if I longer hesitate it may be too late to save him. Would to Heaven that I could see father Pierre! he would act, would think for me. Run, fly, Roselia, to François; dispatch him to the convent; tell him I am taken dangerously ill, and must this instant see the holy father. It is no untruth, my Roselia, for I am sick at heart. Persuade, bribe François to go immediately, if you love me, Roselia.'

Roselia instantly disappeared; and Victoria, in a dreadful tumult of spirits, sunk upon her knees, and fervently implored the protection of Heaven for Hippolyto. In about twenty minutes Roselia returned, pale, trembling, breathless.

'Heaven defend us!' exclaimed Victoria, alarmed almost to phrensy, 'what doth this evident dismay portend?'

'Oh, poor monsieur Hippolyto!' faintly articulated Roselia, her teeth smiting each other as she spoke: 'alas, what is become of him!'

'Torture me not to madness by this suspense,' exclaimed Victoria: 'tell me, I conjure you, tell me all that has occasioned this dreadful agitation.'

'On going from hence,' replied Roselia, whose excessive tremor scarcely allowed her power to speak, and she was forced to pause between every sentence, 'I had just reached the top of a staircase, when on the first landing below me I caught a glimpse of Maratti in deep consultation with those horrid men I saw with Bianca. I instantly stopped and crouched down, with a hope of hearing what they were talking about, but not one word reached me. At last they all began to descend the staircase; and so did I, still keeping them in view, but continuing at a proper distance for concealment. At length they turned into a long dark passage, which I knew led to the part of the château where Jeanne told me monsieur Hippolyto is confined. Terrified for him, I instantly resolved to follow them. I did so, cautiously, led on by the sound of their footsteps, and crept after them upon my hands and knees, to prevent my being seen, up a small

staircase, where once I was quite sure I was detected, as I thought, when Maratti turned suddenly round, that his eyes rested upon mine; but fortunately I was mistaken, for on he went with his companions, until they reached a gallery leading to several chambers, where they stopped; and, after I had concealed myself behind a pillar of the first doorcase I came to, I saw Maratti take a dagger from his bosom and present it to one of the men; when distinctly I heard him say, although he spoke in a cautious whisper, "The point is touched with a quick and subtile poison, and will do this business effectually.—"

Victoria's senses sickened, and she almost ceased to respire. 'Go on,' said she, panting with horrid expectation.

'———Then pointing to a door,' continued Roselia, "That is the chamber of your victim," said the sanguinary wretch; "and immediately after the convent bell tolls at one, send his black soul to join his kindred devils."

'"This mode," said one of the bravos in the most soul-harrowing voice I ever heard, "this mode will spare us the trouble of dragging him to the Bastile, and the ceremony of trial; but would it not afford more ample vengeance to the widow of the conte to see her husband's murderer broke alive upon the rack?"

'"Why no," returned Maratti; "her niece is under obligations to him, and the duchessa would therefore spare him the pangs of torture, and send him a lifeless body to be crushed upon the wheel."

'"But why may we not dispatch him now?" said the other assassin; "there is no one to observe us."

'"Because," replied Maratti, "that it is the duchessa's pleasure to have the deed perpetrated after midnight when all eyes and ears will be closed by sleep, and when unobserved you can convey the body hence; but in the intermediate time, lest any one should hold intercourse with him, you must keep watch here, with loaded pistols, and seize all who approach his chamber;" and he then opened the door of a room contiguous to that in which was confined the poor devoted monsieur, through which they all cautiously entered,—and I returned hither.'

(To be continued.)

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE following letters I found among a variety of papers of various kinds collected and preserved by a respected relation of mine, who has now been several years deceased. They were written by a very accomplished young lady, as I have reason to believe, of her acquaintance, to a young gentleman on whom she had unfortunately fixed her affections. If you will give them a place in your entertaining and instructive miscellany, you will oblige your constant reader,

Leonora.

'Sir,

'I rely on your goodness to redress and conceal the misfortune I now labour under. But, oh! with what words shall I declare a passion which I blush to own? It is now a year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say?) loved you; and so long I have strove to forget you. But frequent sights of what I could not but admire have made my endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe my name to this letter, lest it should fall into hands that may pos-

sibly expose it; but if you, sir, have any curiosity or desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park to-morrow exactly at two o'clock.

'I cannot but be under apprehensions, lest you should come more out of curiosity than compassion. But, however, that you may have some notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short description of my person:—which is tall, and slender; my eyes and hair dark. Perhaps, you will think me vain, when I tell you that my person altogether is what the flattering world call handsome. And as to my fortune, I believe you will have no reason to find fault with it.

'I doubt you will think such a declaration as this from a woman ridiculous; but, if you reflect, you must be sensible that it is only custom, not nature, that makes it so. My hand trembles so whilst I write, that I believe you can hardly read what I have written.'

The gentleman did not give himself the trouble to meet the lady, but took great pains to ridicule and expose her letter, though reproved for it by his acquaintance; which coming to the lady's knowledge, she sent him the following:

'Sir,

'You will the more easily pardon this second trouble from a slighted correspondent, when I assure you that it shall be the last.

'A passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once. But I hope I shall undergo no severer trials or censure than what I have done, by taking this opportunity of discharging the remains of a tenderness which I have so unfortunately and so imprudently indulged.

'I will not complain of your unkindness and want of generosity in exposing my letter, because the man that is so unworthy of a woman's love is too inconsiderable for her resentment. But I cannot forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my letter, and by that means hazard a discovery of the writer; and so cruelly to sport with the misery of a person whom you knew nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond, an opinion of you?

'For your own sake I am loth to say it, but such conduct cannot be accounted for but from a cruelty of mind, a vanity of temper, and an incurable defect of understanding.

'But, whatever be the reason, amidst all my disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my name: for you might, perhaps, have thought my name a fine trophy to grace your triumph after the conquest. And how great my confusion must have been, to be exposed to the scorn, or at least to the pity, of the world, I may guess from the mortification I now feel, from seeing my declarations and professions returned without success; and in being convinced, by the rash experiment I have made, that my affections have been placed without discretion.

'How ungenerous your behaviour has been, I had rather you were told by the gentlemen (who I hear universally condemn it), than force myself to say any thing severe.

'But although their kind sense of this affair must yield me some satisfaction under my present uneasiness, yet it furnishes one with a fresh evidence of my own weakness, in lavishing my esteem upon the person that least deserves it.

'I hope the event will give me reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill usage.

'That very face, which I have so

often viewed with a mistaken admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute indifference. And time I am sensible will abundantly convince me, that your features are all the poor amends which nature hath made you for your want of understanding; and teach me to consider them only as a decent cover for the emptiness and deformity within.

'To cut off all hopes of your discovering who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different hand from the former letter, for which I am obliged to a friend on whose goodness and fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last request, that you would make this letter as public as you have done the former. If you do not, there are other copies ready to be dispersed. For though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very secure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a coxcomb. Adieu.'

ELIZA;

OR,

The HERMIT'S CELL.

A NOVEL.

By Miss ELIZA YEAMES.

(*Continued from p.* 312.)

CHAP. IX.

'WHAT says Fortescue, friend?' cried Cleora, the day the captain and Danvers left Richmond, as she was walking out with miss Goddard and Ruth Chambers. Eliza blushed.—'He tries to hasten you away from us, I suppose,' said lady Germain, laughing, 'that your marriage may the sooner take place.'

Ruth turned pale at mention of his name. 'Mr. Fortescue?' uttered she, somewhat faintly.

'Yes, yes, my love! Eliza's beau.'

'I once saw him,' said Ruth, sighing, 'though I believe he is totally unacquainted with me.'

Miss Chambers, having spoken, eagerly turned the conversation.

Eliza did not leave Richmond till her father had removed from Bridge to London, where she was saluted with more than common tenderness by sir Gilbert, whose pale countenance was suffused with a ray of crimson at her apparent surprise produced by his renewed attentions.

Eliza now perceived that lady Goddard treated Harriet St. John with uncommon severity, which her conduct appeared to merit, as she scarcely paid the respect to her ladyship due to a mother from her child. Eliza saw sir Dennis O'Calloner was very much in the good graces of lady Goddard: she knew Harriet loved him, and to jealousy our heroine imputed their behaviour.

Fortescue now began to urge an immediate union, which from time to time she successfully eluded, as her mother gave herself no concern about her, and sir Gilbert listened with pity to her prayers.—'I cannot break this connection which lady Goddard has formed,' said he to the fair mourner, 'but I will prevail on her to suffer your union to be deferred: that favour she shall grant me. Ah! Eliza, that I had never listened to her seducing tongue! it is plain she wedded me for riches, and now bestows her smiles upon O'Calloner; most likely has—Start not, Eliza; I would not willingly wrong her. You must think me, likewise, a guilty wretch. Yes, dear child! one crime weighs heavy on me; I have left you in my will entirely subject to

your mother's control, who is to have your portion if you marry without her consent. You remember when you came to my library with the request to go to Mrs. Harrison's, I then was thinking of sketching that fatal deed, and'——He wept; and Eliza, shedding tears, said, 'Ah, sir, talk not of riches to me; my heart is content without them;—I hope, besides, that you will live many, many years longer in this world. Oh! yes, yes——' and Eliza's eyes sparkled with tenderness.

Miss Goddard was followed and idolised in town; she in return admired London, but she carried her passions to no extremes, therefore was all sensibility—loved rural pleasures, and was enamoured of plain lieutenant Danvers, though a girl guided by fashion.

Fortescue grew more and more enraptured with Eliza from the applause that attended her at whatever place she appeared, and he was at length out of patience with her evasive answers to his entreaties of having their marriage immediately celebrated.

As Eliza was one day walking with her lover in Hyde-park they were met by lady Germain, Mrs. Harrison, and Ruth Chambers (they being in town): miss Goddard perceived the latter to turn pale at their approach. She almost immediately complained of a faintness, and was attended home.

'Who is that pleasing young lady?' asked Edwin.

'Miss Chambers. Yes, indeed, she is the most engaging of women.'

While hanging on his arm listening to his voice, a wounded sailor came up, and begged charity. The tears of pity and sensations of a different kind in the remembrance of Danvers started into her eyes, as she put into his hand half-a-crown.—'Heaven bless you, madam!' said the supplicant, faltering with emotions of gratitude. 'Heaven bless you, and prosper every wish!' Fortescue added to her bounty, and the sailor, with gushing tears, walked off. Edwin turned to Eliza; he pressed the hand he held close in his.—'How amiable thou art, miss Goddard!' said he; 'every moment adds to thy worth in my opinion.' A sweet smile passed over the beauteous mouth of Eliza, and with a becoming blush she returned the compliment.

This evening the faro-table of lady Goddard was uncommonly crowded. Among the lookers on was Mary Ann St. John. Eliza sat apart with her, and in lively discourse passed away the time.

A high dispute at length made Eliza raise her head from the shoulder of Mary, and the waving feathers of lady Goddard drew her gaze upon her. She beheld her, with a sparkling eye and rising colour, protesting to the company there had been false play; and the alarmed Eliza with her sister went to that part of the room. No proof could be brought of the charge, and lady Goddard was at length appeased; but the rooms soon were cleared, and Ophelia found herself alone with her husband. 'You have ruined me, cruel woman!' said he, walking up and down the room in a passion.——She wept.——'We must leave town,' continued sir Gilbert, 'and retrench our expences.'

'That I cannot consent to,' returned his lady.

'But, madam, I am determined,' said he; and instantly left the room.

Lady Goddard sent for Eliza:—she came.—'Miss Goddard, my love!' cried she, 'your father, by this unlucky affair, finds himself under the necessity of confining his expences in future, which obliges us to quit London; I have therefore requested this interview to beg you to accept the

hand of Fortescue before we go from hence.' Eliza trembled, and, bending her knee, she cried—'Oh, madam, spare me!'

'What means this?' said Ophelia. 'That—O lady Goddard! I cannot indeed wed him.'

Her ladyship spurned the kneeling girl, and left the room, leaving her fainting on the floor. In this situation Mary Ann found her, and causing her to be carried to her room, this amiable girl watched during the whole night by her side.

In the morning lady Goddard found herself rather indisposed; sir Dennis O'Calloner only was admitted into her dressing-room; and sir Gilbert, shutting himself in his own chamber, bewailed his wife's conduct in silence.

Lord Jordan, who arrived the day before in London, now called at Portman-square. His looks expressed anxiety for Mary Ann, who appeared pale from want of rest; and Eliza rejoiced to perceive traces of an attachment for her in his whole behaviour.

In the evening, as Eliza sat by the window looking at the passing travellers, while Fortescue was reading to her, lady Germain was announced. Her face beamed animation and intelligence, which made Eliza impatient to hear what she might have to relate.

'My brother has won the battle! my brother has won the battle!' cried Cleora, grasping her friend's hand; 'and he is safe and well.' Eliza expected something more; her heart beat high, and she faltered out the name of Danvers. Lady Germain perceived not her embarrassed air.—'Oh, poor fellow!' she exclaimed, 'he is wounded.'—'Wounded!' repeated Eliza; and to the astonishment of Cleora, she fainted.

'What is this!' said Fortescue, breathing short; 'what indeed do I hear? Who is Danvers? who—'

'Oh, my poor friend!' said lady Germain, pressing Eliza's inanimate form to her beating heart, and unheeding Edwin, 'I had forgot your fatal passion; I thought it obliterated by——'

'Her mother's commands,' cried Fortescue. 'Oh, that I ever should have believed!' 'For pity sake,' said Cleora, 'Oh, for mercy sake, do not overpower her again!—See! she recovers! see how the blush rises in her cheek! see—'

'See all my hopes crushed!' he exclaimed with wildness.

Cleora screamed, and sir Gilbert and lady Goddard rushed in.

'Oh, thou wretched woman!' said Edwin, going up to Ophelia with the air of a manaic, 'Oh, thou false deceiver! who first infused thy poison in yon beauteous form, and did it but to kill!' He attempted to rush out, but sir Gilbert stopt him, and, ringing the bell, he ordered the servants to carry him to an apartment. Here nature, tired, sought repose, and he sunk into the embraces of sleep.

The unhappy Eliza was recovered by the reviving intelligence of Danvers's speedy recovery; but lady Goddard, from her frame being indisposed, immediately fainted at Edwin's address, and was carried to her apartment in convulsive fits.

All now was confusion and distress. Sir Gilbert tenderly watched his wife, whose illness every day increased; and at length her physicians announced her disorder the measles, which disease now covered her skin.

Lady Goddard, when acquainted with the nature of her complaint, appeared resigned for death; and in a little time, the crisis of her disorder being arrived, she died in the arms of sir Gilbert, after having owned sir Dennis O'Calloner his dishonourer, whom she begged him not to pursue; and asking the forgiveness of Eliza and Mary Ann, for her unkind behaviour towards them.

CHAP. X.

As the last sigh fled from lady Goddard, Eliza gave a shriek of horror, and fainted. She was placed on a sofa and restoratives were applied; but her teeth were closed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any thing could be introduced into her mouth. Her heart faintly beat, and but for that they would not have believed that life still continued in her.

After some time their applications produced effect; a faint blush revisited her cheeks, she began to breathe freely, and in due time her charming eyes unclosed. But illness crept through her veins—the hectic fever heated her blood, and her looks were wild and vacant. With attentive zeal Mary Ann supported her; she bound a handkerchief round her throbbing temples, the most soothing language flowed from her rosy lips, and to her own afflicted heart she pressed her friend.

The house was now turned into mourning, Eliza's life hung upon a thread, and her distracted father waited the result to know if his own were worth preserving. In about two months she, however, was able to leave her room. Illness had made very visible ravages on her complexion, and thrown over it a sickly hue; but she still was beautiful, for it had given her looks a mild and sweet softness peculiarly interesting.

Sir Gilbert now removed to his seat at Bridge, that Eliza might have the benefit of the air; and, with the tender Mary Ann, watched her returning health. Harriet St. John had absented herself from her home, on lady Goddard's death, with sir Dennis O'Calloner, and sir Gilbert mourned the depravity of human nature in silence.

The hermit's cell again was visited, and with lord Jordan, who now having no arts of the mother and sister of his beloved to fear, was the declared lover of Mary Ann. Eliza often spent with them many happy hours in the utmost harmony, and once more seemed to be all life.

With blooming health and vivid cheerfulness, Eliza met the good Mrs. Harrison, lord and lady Germain, miss Bennet, and Ruth Chambers, at Bridge, and was rejoiced to behold Fortescue as the admirer of the latter. Eliza was charmed with Isoline, nor was Isoline less fond of our lovely heroine. Thus did friendship early cement their hearts, and bind them to each other.

Captain Harrison had received the promise of Isoline's hand, as Ruth's engagement to Fortescue eased him in that respect, and hastened the declaration of his love to miss Bennet. He informed miss Goddard, that Danvers was gone to close the eyes of the relation he had once mentioned to her, and he did not expect to see him for some time. His ardent looks at the recital caused her many blushes, and she turned from him almost before he had finished speaking.

Edwin Fortescue had certainly doated on Eliza; but knowing from good authority, that miss Chambers secretly cherished a passion for him, he procured himself to be introduced to her brother, and soon found, in the engaging smiles of Ruth, something which every day became more necessary to his happiness.

Sir Gilbert was now in congenial scenes, he listened with pleasure to the soft strains from the harp of the amiable Isoline, while his eyes dwelt with parental pleasure on the beautiful countenance of Eliza. The playful vivacity of Ruth charmed every one and often forced smiles from sir Gilbert, whilst more and

more it enchanted the heart of Fortescue.

One evening as the friends were assembled in the hermit's cell, a violent storm of thunder and lightning coming on, they were prevented from leaving the place, and Eliza, screaming, clung to her father. Peal succeeded peal, and lightning glared around them in all directions, rolling in fantastic shapes. Torrents of rain presently poured from the fiery sky, and the storm gradually abated. Part of the cave had been knocked in by the fall of the cliff, and every other fear yielding to that of being buried in its ruins, the party tried to reach home. Poor Eliza was nearly fainting, and was carried from the cell by lord Jordan and Fortescue.

Sleep could not close the eyes of sir Gilbert that night, so disturbed was he for his child; and till he had risen the next morning, and enquired at her door in what manner she had passed the night, he could not enjoy peace.

Among the ruins of the hermit's cell a manuscript was found by sir Gilbert, who gave it to Eliza, and was surprised to hear her exclaim—'This, surely, must be the life of that good man whom Claudius mentioned.' Her father asked an explanation of her words; and, while he retired to read the former papers, Eliza perused the manuscript which he had put into her hands. The first few lines were written by Claudius, and signified that he had accidentally found the history of his old friend the hermit; and as he thought chance might conduct an eye to wander over this as well as his own, he supposed it right to say by whom it was written.

'*The* History *of* Henri, Count De Reclouvier.

'To the hut of a fisherman it chanced that M. de Reclouvier one day directed his steps, he being weary from the length of the walk he had taken since he left his château, and gladly partook of the refreshments which the young fisherman, his mother and sister, kindly tendered to him.

'Blanche, the sister, was about seventeen, and one of the most beautiful of nature's productions; Reclouvier as he gazed on her was entranced, and vowed to possess her if it cost him his whole fortune to accomplish his purpose.

'De Reclouvier was a courtier, of about forty years of age; his manners were elegant, but his person far from pleasing, and the beauteous Blanche blushed as she turned from his penetrating gaze, with something little short of disgust.

'Shortly after M. de Reclouvier had obtained admittance into the hut, as Blanche was walking out one evening by moon-light, a note was given her by a servant who hastily retired, and she directly ran home to peruse it. The note contained offers made by the count, which hurt the honest pride of her mother, and abashed the delicacy of Blanche Banti. The answer was to be given when called for, and miss Banti penned a denial with dignified modesty, and gave it to her mother.

'The count de Reclouvier would not brook controul; he vowed to possess her in spite of all, and now eagerly endeavoured to entrap this charming innocent. But Heaven seemed to guard her from his snares; and while she sat at her humble casement to inhale the fresh air, employed at making garlands, her soft notes met the ear of the count, who in vain waited for his prey; till wearied and disappointed, he departed venting curses on his unlucky fate.

'Reclouvier now changed his purpose: he found he could not obtain

her but by making her is wife, and with all due form he offered to Blanche his hand and fortune. Mrs. Banti could not resist so alluring an offer, and, in spite of all the tears of Blanche, she shortly became the countess de Reclouvier.

'The count doated on his lovely bride, and Blanche returned his affection with grateful warmth; which, to her husband, appeared the effect of love.

'Her brother was now raised to a genteel and lucrative employment, and her mother provided for in a convent. Thus was she the making of her family; and she experienced in this respect the truth of Mrs. Banti's words—"That it was an act of duty to accept the count." Thus all regret was lulled in the fair bosom of Blanche, and she repined not at her situation.

'The countess shortly proved pregnant, and my father was given to his fond parent. Henri improved daily under the prudent instructions of his father and mother, and promised to become all that their hearts could wish him.

'Near the château de Reclouvier, resided Mr. and Mrs. de la Tour, a pair very lately married, of unexceptionable characters, and manners extremely inviting. With them Blanche formed a friendship.—Fatal act! This friendship became at length a criminal passion for de la Tour, and to which the frail Blanche became a sacrifice. She, however, breathed her last in her husband's arms, whose love for her was not abated, though he refused to see de la Tour ever afterwards.

'Young Henri lost in his mother the most tender of parents, and his only female relation, as Mrs. Banti had long since breathed her last. But each day M. de Reclouvier grew fonder of his boy, and seemed but to live for his sake. Most unfortunately, Mr. de la Tour had a daughter, and Egbertha was in all her childish sports still accompanied by Henri in spite of the extreme animosity of their parents. These two lovely children improved in every accomplishment together; and with their years their friendship increased.

'Henri was always the first to praise Egbertha, and she, in return, admired her young friend. Thus did their attachment continually grow with them, and Henri de Reclouvier and miss de la Tour, long before they were of age, were the fondest lovers.

'With his flute young Henri would serenade his beloved companion beneath her window with the tenderest strains, and the beautiful Egbertha oft answered him with lively expressions of friendship, that cheered his dejected heart:—dejected, because his father had remonstrated with him on the passion he seemed to feel for miss de la Tour; and, as he pictured his wife's death with tears in his eyes, he entreated him to desist from thinking of forming such an alliance. Poor Henri felt the truth of the count's words, and owning that her image had taken deep root in his heart, said, he would try to banish it from his thoughts, and not bring the grey hairs of his parent with sorrow to the grave.

'The count was pleased with his son's answer, and embraced him a thousand times; but Henri kept not the promise which filial duty had forced from him in a transport of tenderness, but at his next meeting with Egbertha again renewed his declarations of love.

'Thus passed some months; till Mr. de la Tour proposed leaving that part of France, which awakened them as from a dream. Poor Henri was almost frantic with grief at the idea of losing his beloved Egbertha, and

the amiable girl was not less affected: she sighed in secret, and the bloom of health fled her cheek.

'Henri at length, infatuated by love, spoke to Mr. de la Tour of his passion and hopes, but met with heavy reproach; and now, discouraged and despairing, he gave up every hope of obtaining the hand of her he so fondly loved.

'Egbertha, the amiable Egbertha, soothed him to composure: she promised to write to him by the assistance of her waiting-woman, and with this assurance he parted from her, and became to all appearance cheerful and gay. It indeed was all appearance, for sorrow possessed his heart, and the count was at length alarmed at the pallid countenance of his son.

'In the mean time Egbertha had received several splendid offers of marriage, all of which she refused; and her parents were so incensed at her conduct, that they declared they would immediately shut her up in a convent for life if she persisted in refusing one particular gentleman. No sooner was this known to Henri than he suddenly withdrew himself from his father's château, and flew to the rescue of his Egbertha. In vain he hovered round her castle, no one knew whether she had not already quitted it, and Henri was in despair.

'But the attendant she had mentioned now aided him, and with her assistance he carried off his dear Egbertha.

'The heart of his father was now shut against him, and Henri vainly sighed to be forgiven—his prayers were unheeded; and with his beauteous wife he retired to an elegant cottage not many miles from the château de Reclouvier.

'Egbertha became every day more dear to the heart of her husband; and as he fondly gazed on her charms, he wondered where could be a heart that could refuse her prayers, as Mr. de la Tour had done.

'A twelvemonth after their marriage, my mother gave birth to twin-children, which were Juliette and me. With what delight did our parents view us! Juliette was a fine child, she engaged the whole heart of my mother; and I, the young Henri, was the darling of Reclouvier.

'I was nearly two years old when Mrs. de la Tour died, and soon after her afflicted consort sent an express for Egbertha, to bid her an adieu before he died, as it was not expected he could long survive.

'On wings of duty the beauteous Egbertha arrived at her father's castle, and with her husband, Juliette, and myself, entered the noble building.—But all was hushed—Mr. de la Tour had already breathed his last, and the fainting Egbertha was carried to her bed, where a fever for some time confined her. How did her children hang over her! how did their tears fall on their estimable mother! Young as we were we thought only of losing her for ever, and our little hearts were nearly breaking. But the measure of her woes was not yet completed, though she had lived to bless Heaven for his goodness in having softened her father's heart towards her before he died.

'But my beloved sire was never to know peace, for now the intelligence that M. de Reclouvier was dangerously ill, filled his heart with remorseful tenderness. He presented himself at the gate of the château, but was not admitted; and he retired with sorrowful resignation.

'Once more he entreated admission—it was granted, and he was shewn into his father's presence.—Alas! what did he behold him! a maniac! At the sight of Henri, he laughed, and called out—"Hollo,

friend, are you here! welcome, welcome to my house!"

'"O God! what have I done!" said Henri, and leaned his head back on his chair, nearly deprived of reason.

'"You weep, D'Arville," said his raving father—"Ha! ha! ha! I hate weeping; I once frequently did, but I hope no one saw me—for I would not let Henri know that I wept for his ingratitude.—Ha! ha! come, let us be jovial."

'"Ingratitude, indeed!" repeated my father.

'"Ingratitude of the deepest dye—but I must try to forget it; or, Egbertha, I shall curse thee."

'"O my father!" exclaimed Henri; "O my father—father!"

'"No, no, I am not a father!" cried de Reclouvier; "D'Arville, he was false—he fled me, and is since dead.—Yes, yes, he is dead." And tears flowed down his cheeks. While he spoke, the sound of a flute was heard accompanied by the fine voice of a shepherd. The notes were soft and pleasing, they stilled the tumult of Henri's palpitating heart, yet increased his father's wildness.

'"Ah, D'Arville, I dislike that sound," said the old man, striking his breast: "my boy used to play so, and I cannot bear any thing that reminds me of him.—See! he sits on the hillock where Henri often would recline—Oh! oh! oh!" "I am your boy—I am your destroyer!" cried Henri, wildly clasping his knees. But the count heard him not; he mentioned his son no more, but began to play with Alonzo his dog, and Henri was taken from the place in convulsive fits.

'Egbertha attended her husband in an agony of mind better to be conceived than described. In his delirious ravings Henri heaped a thousand curses on her as the cause of his disobedience, and the gentle frame of Egbertha nearly sunk beneath the shock. In vain I hung round her, in vain Juliette called on her dear mamma: pushing us from her, she would burst into an agony of tears; nor heeding our petitions, leave us with our nurses, without cheering us by one kind look or little endearment.

'The crisis of Henri's disorder proved favourable; yet although this beloved parent still survived, it was evident that he was fast declining in a consumption. He could now endure the sight of his father without upbraiding Egbertha or himself; but my mother still cherished the hope that both might recover, and that the count might forgive Henri.

'But, alas! old de Reclouvier was now pronounced an incurable manaic.—Henri became daily worse, and one sod covered the father and the son. The latter died, blessing his Egbertha and children, and calling the bounty of Heaven on their heads. Yet would this lovely woman have certainly followed him to the grave, if Juliette and I had not bound her to life, and calmed the violence of her grief by our innocent prattle.

'As we grew up we shared her affliction, and soothed her sorrows by participation. Her expences were not limited, our education was therefore the best; we received it under the eye of a mother, and became amiable from precepts early inculcated by that charming woman. My mother's pride was centred in Juliette; her fears in me, lest I should experience the misfortune my father had; and I often was asked concerning my affections, which I always answered with sincerity, because no one in particular engrossed them.

'Easy in this respect, some years rolled over, while I improved in my studies, and Juliette in personal graces. She was the exact counterpart of Egbertha; and my parent

flattered me, by saying, that though her departed Henri was the most handsome and most graceful man at court, I was his image in every respect, and, if not corrupted, might equally imitate his virtues.

'As in sportive innocence the days of childhood glided away, we cherished enthusiastic love and veneration for those rural scenes. The court was shunned. In the centre of a grove, by the margin of an expanse of water thickly over-hung with trees, that shaded us from the sun-beams, or the piercing air, my mother, with Juliette and me, often sat retired. Here would my lovely sister warble her enchanting strains; and as Egbertha listened to her voice she would snatch her to her breast, calling her the child of Henri, and hang on their resemblance of voice.

'Thus passed the happy hours of early youth, till I was called to court. I left my mother with secret sorrow, who pressed me in her arms with heartfelt sighs, as if this parting was to divide us for ever.

'Mournful, and in tears, I bade an adieu to the domestics, kissed off the pearly dew that hung on the blooming cheeks of the beauteous Juliette, and again clasping the tender form of Egbertha, left the château.

'I beheld Versailles with disgust; the voluptuous scenes I there witnessed sickened me, and I most ardently longed to return to my mother. But my diffidence was soon removed; I no longer started at the licentious pursuits I hourly witnessed, and, at length, was entangled in the snares laid out by some designing young men, and engaged in an intrigue with the comtesse D'Albina, a married woman, and the most beautiful I ever beheld. Oh, how I was fascinated with her charms! I was certainly at her command in every respect, and resisted all the prayers of my mother and Juliette for an immediate return.

'Large sums I repeatedly drew to answer the demands of madame D'Albina, and the enormous losses I sustained at the gaming-table; yet still she kept me in her chains, and I awakened not till I was nearly a beggar; and my cash being again wanted, made me open my eyes to gaping poverty.—"O Seraphina!" said I, in answer to her demands, "I have not the money."—— Seraphina turned pale.—" You have done this," cried I, "but I will not hate you for it, or abandon you, though my mother and sister must be forsaken upon the account."

'"O Henri!" answered she, "we will part—it must be so: I will seek the husband I left for you, and you may return to the countess de Reclouvier, and the lovely Juliette."

'"Never, never," cried I, "will I part with Seraphina, while still she continues to love me! What is wealth to the idea of losing her?—Let us retire to some cottage, my love, and there pass our future days in peaceful calmness."

'"We will settle this some other time," said she, and quitted me with affected tears.

'Some days after she fled with a young Italian, and left me to enjoy the effects of my credulity.

'With what a heart of despair, shame, and madness, did I return to my mother and the lovely Juliette!

'Rumour had been busy, and had whispered my errors in their ears, and, in truth, augmented them; they therefore expected all they had to hear.

'We were not so poor as I thought, yet still I had greatly injured Juliette, as well as myself; but my repentance was accepted, and with the greatest kindness those amiable women endeavoured to ease my care, which at length vanished entirely from my breast.

'Alas! I had observed my mother to be strangely altered;—she was

pale and emaciate, a slow fever consumed her, and in vain I strove to disperse this cloud by the most fond attentions.

'I beheld Juliette alarmed, and, notwithstanding all my mother could say, a physician was called in. A few drugs were administered, and Egbertha appeared once more cheerful and in health.

'It was, indeed, entirely appearance, for she had received too severe a shock from her son's sad misconduct to support it with her usual strength of mind, and in less than three months after my return from Versailles I beheld her committed to the tomb.

'I was very much affected at the event, but I had other claims more powerful than grief;—for Juliette I was forced to support under her afflictions.

'The term of mourning was just expired, when I became acquainted with the count De Montmorenci, an elegant youth of the most engaging qualities. From him Juliette received the offer of marriage, which she accepted—love being mutual; and I had the pleasure of witnessing their supreme happiness.

'Peace was now the inhabiter of my bosom; but not long was it to remain so, for shortly after I became acquainted with Madeline Lausanne, first cousin to the count, whom I instantaneously loved.

'For beauty she was generally celebrated; indeed, few could equal her, and none surpass her: she seemed to behold me with the eyes of partiality. Ah, how many fond hours I passed in her company!—every day the beautiful maid becoming dearer to me.

'At length I made known my heart's sweetest hopes; Madeline blushed, and, in faltering accents, declared a similar attachment. Delightful sounds! which convinced me that my love met return.

'Miss Lausanne was on a visit at my sister's, and she was now recalled to Paris by her parents; I promised soon to follow her, and left her with a thousand sighs of regret. How many times did I press her lips! how often lingered out the word—adieu! The beauteous Juliette parted from her arms; and, when the coach drove off, it seemed as if I had quitted every thing I held dear.

'"Come, rouse, my dear Henri!" said the count, clapping me on the shoulder; "you absolutely will spoil the girl and feed her vanity: let us drink to your union, and try to banish care."

'The word vanity seemed to hang in my throat: I replied—"She has no vanity."

'"Yes, yes," said he, "she, like the rest of her sex, I believe, has a spark of it; and, believe me, Henri, if it is fanned it will become a flame."

'"You seem to wrong my Madeline," said I, rather hurt; "I think her all perfect."

'"She is certainly an amiable woman, and beautifully pleasing, but she is not all perfection."

'"May be so," returned I, out of humour; "you can say nothing further against her."

'"Nothing; if I have persuaded you she has her errors like the rest of her fellow-creatures, I am satisfied." Juliette here joined us.—"You look indisposed, Henri," said she in a tender tone; "else why so pale, my brother?"

'"He is only love-sick, I believe," cried De Montmorenci.

'"That is nothing," said my sweet sister.

'"Nothing do you think it!" cried I. "O Juliette! it is made up of very various ingredients, bitter and

sweet. If returned, it is all bliss; if not, despair: but my Madeline is no coquette; she has owned me not wholly indifferent to her, and, from those words, I may indulge hope."

'"I have never tasted its bitters," said the count, smiling on his beauteous Juliette, "but I still experience its sweets; and ever shall, while my lovely bride blesses me with her smiles."

'"Can you say so, too, Juliette?" said I. "No, my charming sister! before De Montmorenci made known his passion I dare swear you often sighed in secret; and—" I saw a tear start in Juliette's beautiful eyes, as with the most bewitching smile she said, turning to her lord, "You guess right;" and De Montmorenci with a flush of joy caught her in his arms.

'The time of my departure from the count's for Paris arrived. Patience could extend no longer, and having taken leave of Juliette, I set out for that gay city. But, O Heaven! what reached my ears when I arrived there! A more splendid offer had been made to Madeline, who accepted it, and was married a few days before. How did I curse the perfidy of woman! how join with the count in agreeing, that vanity and perfidy were almost inseparable from the sex! With a thousand invectives on her I quitted Paris.

'Sick of life, I was now determined to leave the world and all its follies. A convent was a refuge; but I wished to commune with no man, I therefore was resolved to travel in search of a retirement, but which should not be situated in France. To England I then proposed bending my course. I wrote a letter to Juliette, telling her that I proposed to travel, but did not mention my wish to turn hermit. Juliette and her husband immediately came to me, before I could put my plan in execution. They attempted to shake my purpose, but I resisted all their entreaties.

'"And will you leave your only sister?" said Juliette, weeping bitterly.

'"It is but for a short period," returned I.

'"Short as it is, it may be for life," said she sighing.

'"We must trust to Providence, Juliette," replied I, "for the certainty of again seeing each other."

The count added further arguments to mine, and at length Juliette consented to my departure. With the most tender farewell of De Montmorenci and my sister, I left France, and arrived safely in England. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'Here in my CELL, I forget what has passed—it seems like an idle and unpleasant dream. But my thoughts turn on Juliette—no answer to my letters, what am I to think? * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'This day I walked in the village, and saw, coming out of a public-house, a domestic of count De Montmorenci's. I spoke to him of France, told him I was a native of that country, &c. and was rejoiced to think that he did not recollect me in my disguise. He told me he had lived in the service of the count, whose lady was lately carried off by a fever, and he (De Montmorenci) had retired to a convent, but of what order he knew not. How melancholy, how overwhelming was this intelligence! But I must bear my misfortunes like a man.—

'Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to: I'm not the first
That have been wretched: but to think how much
I have been happier!——Wild hurrying thought
Starts every way from my distracted soul
To find out hope, and only meets despair.

'Months and years glide on, and

life is short; surely my weary pilgrimage will soon be closed. With a conscience void of offence, I cherish sweet hope, that, when this transitory scene of disappointment and misery is ended, I may be admitted to a place in the mansions of the blessed.'

(To be continued.)

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. STRAW hat or bonnet; cloak of worked muslin, or lenno, lined with silk, crossed on the back, and trimmed with lace: short muslin dress: russet shoes.

2. Cap of apple-blossom silk, covered with lace, and deep lace border, bunch of roses in front; dress of light-coloured silk, and lace draperies on the sides, tied round the waist with silk cord and tassels; short lace sleeves; silk gloves; and white shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE rose, jonquil, and lapis-lazuli (or blue), are colours still fashionable, though somewhat less in vogue, as within these few days apple-green and white have become very prevalent.—The head-dresses of smooth hair are ornamented usually with a diadem of flowers, the point of which is considerably raised. The flowers of which these diadems are composed are of three or four sorts, and are not intermingled with any kind of leaves. Besides roses, which display most taste when in the bud, ranunculuses, heliotropes, and the hortensia, are worn: jonquils and hyacinths have gone out. The hat, or at least that part of it on which these flowers are worn, is usually not of yellow but of white straw, or of very fine *sparterie.*

Long trains are now seldom seen in the promenades. All the robes, especially the white, are worn round. The coloured robes, of perkale, for undress, are full of little squares, rose and white, or lilac and white: they are likewise worn of silk and cotton. Few mamelukes are seen.—Almost all the sleeves are puckered, and come down to the elbows.—The mode of *canezous* (a kind of spencers) is beginning to be revived, but they are still rather rare.—Trimmed *fichus* of fine muslin, plaited with small plaits, become more and more fashionable.—Aprons are worn even in full dress; they are of crape or embroidered *tulle.*—Flesh-coloured silk mittens are much in vogue.

ON THE COUNTRY OF BEAUTY.

(From the French.)

IN almost every part of the world nature is very far from bringing the human form to absolute perfection: here she does not finish the whole of the countenance; there she merely sketches the shape and proportions of the body; and almost every-where she fails in the extremities, as has been well observed by Winckelmann. Thus in all languages the epithet *rare* is applied to beauty; and even the Italians style it *pellegrina* (foreign), as if to indicate that it is not frequently seen in their country. Hence, no doubt, the expressions common in their language—*Bellezze pellegrine;*—*leggiadria singolare e pellegrina.*

Beauty, however, appears to favour more particularly certain countries, in which the examples of it

are more numerous; while in others the human form appears to be in a state of degradation comparatively to that presented by the inhabitants of more fortunate climes. In fact, the difference of air and soil appears to have a great influence on beauty: and if man, by the strength and flexibility of his organisation, is not attached to certain points of the globe; if his race is diffused in all countries, and all climates; if he inhabits the frozen regions of the north, and disputes with the most savage and venomous animals the burning wilds of the equator; yet all parts of the vast domain in which he is capable of supporting vitality are not equally favourable to him. A climate as far removed from the rigid polar cold as from the sultry heats of the equator constitutes the first and most essential condition of the physical and moral developement of the human species.

Beauty requires especially a temperate climate. It is a delicate flower, which unfolds not if the cold be extreme; and which immediately withers when exposed to excessive heat.

Frequently, also, in the same zone, and under the same degree of latitude, the situation of the place, its elevation, its environs, the nature of the soil; in fine, all the accidents of locality which constitute the climate proper to each place, occasion great differences in the configuration of man. Thus in the same district we constantly find that the inhabitants of the higher grounds, as the sides or tops of hills, are agile and well-made, and that the women are generally handsome; while in the flat country, where the earth is heavy, the air thick, and the water less pure, the peasants are ill-formed, dull, and awkward, and the females homely and ill-favoured.

A similar effect is also produced in a greater degree by the constant return of certain unwholesome winds, which wither, as it were, the men, animals, and plants, of those ill-fated countries on which they exert their baneful influence, and give to the inhabitants a yellowish and livid complexion and a melancholy or mischievous disposition, at the same time that their forms are rendered irregular and ignoble. We will not therefore seek the country of beauty in places which are abandoned by light and heat, nor in those which suffer and are laid waste by their excess. We shall find it, if we somewhat enlarge the limits assigned to it by Buffon, between the fortieth and sixty-fifth degree of north latitude. It is within this zone that nature appears more beautiful, more majestic, with respect to whatever relates to the human conformation. In this climate, indeed, we must seek the model to which we must refer all the other varieties of beauty.

The countries which are contained within this space are Persia, Turkey in Europe, the provinces bordering on Mount Caucasus, principally Circassia and Georgia, Italy, the northern part of Spain, France, England, Germany, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, a part of Norway, and a part of Russia.

The human form, however, does not attain to the same degree of perfection throughout the whole of this vast extent, but there are some privileged regions to which the name of *the Country of Beauty* is in a peculiar manner applicable. These are, more especially, Circassia, Georgia, Mingrelia, and all the environs of Mount Caucasus.

The beauty of the Georgian women is generally known. The females of this country unite to the most regular features the clearest complexion and the most symmetrical forms. Nature has liberally

bestowed on them graces and charms of which she has been much more sparing in the other parts of the globe. According to Chardin, these women are full-sized, well-made, and extremely slender-waisted. The women of Circassia are not less beautiful. Their forehead is high and open; a streak of the most beautiful black pleasingly defines their eyebrows; their eyes are large and full of fire, though attempered with an inexpressible mildness; the nose is well-formed; the mouth small and smiling, with vermilion lips; and the chin such as it ought to be to terminate the oval of the most perfect countenance.

The most beautiful complexion gives to all these charms their full effect. It is usually so delicate and exquisitely blooming, that the merchants who sell the female Circassion slaves in the market of Caffa, in the Crimea, have recourse to various proofs to shew that the beauty of their complexions is entirely natural, and not the effect of art.

The practice of inoculation, which has long been in use in Circassia and Georgia, contributes no doubt to the perservation of beauty in that country, by preventing the ravages of the natural small-pox, which have occasioned so much deformity in many other countries.

Many of the women of Mingrelia are likewise remarkable for their beauty; and many dispute the palm, in that respect, with the Georgians and Circassians.

'Mingrelia,' says Chardin, 'produces women admirably well-made, of a majestic air, and with excellently-proportioned features and shape: they have besides an engaging and alluring eye, which prepossesses in their favour all who look on them.'

Below, in his observations published in 1555, he appears to speak of the women of that part of Asia which borders on Mount Caucasus, when he expresses himself as follows:

'There is no labouring woman or peasant in Asia who has not a complexion fresh as a rose; a delicate and white skin, so smooth and polished that it appears to the touch like velvet. They make use of a certain kind of earth of Chio, which they steep, and make of it a kind of unguent, with which they rub in the bath not only the face and hair, but the whole body.'

There are many very beautiful women in Persia, and the Persian blood has become more pure and refined by its intermixture with the Georgian. Similar alliances have, in a great degree, effaced the Tartar character among the Turks.

Europe, considered with a reference to the beauty of its inhabitants, presents us with two grand divisions; first, the south-eastern part, and secondly, the north-western. In these two parts, the extent of which is very unequal, the human form is distinguished by important differences. In the northern and western parts it displays a greater developement; it frequently approaches to the athletic; but its whole has less of nobility. The outline of the countenance is more distant from the beautiful ideal: even the female forms have too much of fulness and relief; they have nothing in them of the finished, of the elegance of the antique. The extremities are almost always defective; and a beautiful foot, a complete leg, or a perfect hand, are partial beauties which it is extremely rare to meet with in the northern and western parts of Europe.

Favoured by a more mild climate, the south-eastern part is more auspicious to the developement or beauty; and the more nature ap-

proaches to the climate of Greece and Italy, which are comprehended within this division, the more she appears beautiful, majestic, and active in the conformation of man.

With respect to their physical and moral qualities, the Greeks have much degenerated. Their subjection to servitude, the mixture of their blood with that of a foreign race, their education, in fine, the state of slavery and oppression to which they have been reduced by their barbarous conquerors, have changed their national form, and degraded their beauty.

Yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the Greeks still assert their ancient claims; and the women of that nation hold a distinguished rank in the seraglios, where they are often preferred to the beauties of Circassia and Georgia.

The most beautiful race of the Greeks were the natives of Ionia; and the orator Dion. Chrysostom makes use of the expression, 'the Ionian figure,' to signify a beautiful human figure. The same country is still celebrated for the beauty of its inhabitants; and Belon tells us, that when he traversed it he could never sufficiently admire the elegant forms of the women, the whiteness of their skin, and the delicacy, animation, and freshness, of their complexions.

In the other parts of Asia Minor, or, as it is at present called, Natolia, and especially in the more elevated countries and in the islands of that region, the women in general are extremely beautiful. Those of the island of Chio are particularly remarkable for their gracefulness, the liveliness of their complexion, and the symmetry of their forms. The traveller while he admires them is led by a pleasing recollection to those early ages, when some individual beauties of this island furnished to the great painters and statuaries of those times their most perfect models.

In Greece, properly so called, which the Turks have so barbarously disfigured, the human form has still preserved a certain degree of perfection; and nothing is more rare among the inhabitants than those broad flat noses which are so common, at least much more common, in the north and west. Vesalius thought he had observed that the oval of the Grecian heads was much more regular than that of the heads of the Germans and Flemings.

In southern Italy, which anciently bore the name of Magna Græcia, or Great Greece, the human form was long distinguished by a perfection not less decided than in Greece Proper. The same beauty still exists in the present times in some parts of that country.

Riedesel, in his travels in Sicily and Magna Græcia, relates, that at Trapani the women are remarkable for their beauty; and thinks that the worship rendered to Venus on Mount Eryx may very probably have derived its origin from the beauty of the women. The alliances with the Moors, and other causes of degradation, have somewhat debased the forms of the inhabitants of Magna Græcia; but in Sicily, the women, though less beautiful in some respects than those of Rome, produce a greater effect by their charms, which they heighten by the most seducing and expressive graces. These observations are principally applicable to the Sicilian women of Palermo. These, according to a modern traveller, are of a middle size: the young girls have black or brown hair, black and animated eyes, a slender shape, a neck admirably formed, and are so perfect in their proportions, that we no longer wonder that the beauties of Palermo served for models to the

Grecian sculptors. The dress of the women of Palermo is suitable to the climate. Their head has no covering, not even of net-work. They bind their tresses with a riband, or a piece of gauze, and sometimes place a rose in their hair. Whalebone stays are unknown to them: a light corset, which preserves the gracefulness of their shape, an amber or coral neck-lace, a black veil in the Spanish style, and a robe of the French fashion, compose their dress. They have the art of displaying their figure to the best advantage, to which their drapery, in whatever manner it may accidentally be disposed, constantly contributes. Their step, their dance, their attitudes, have an attractive and irresistible charm. They have especially the talent of varying their character and air in a great variety of manners; sometimes exhibiting a mild languor, at others an enchanting gaiety, or flashes of imagination and sensibility, which leave the less chance of escaping them, as the sound of their voice is usually tender and delicate, and almost as powerful in its effect as the beauty of their features and form.

At Naples the men are very finely shaped, but the women are much less handsome. The Venetian women are very agreeable; but in general their forms somewhat exceed the just proportions of size.

At Rome, in the territory of that city, and in general in the countries which Winckelmann denominates the fine provinces of Italy, transcendant beauty, that beauty which results principally from the regularity of the forms of parts and from the whole, is in some sort an indigenous production, a produce of the influence of climate. In any of these countries, says the author above mentioned, we rarely see those indecisive and equivocal features which are so common among the ultramontanes, or people beyond the Alps. The traits which characterise the Italians are truly noble. The form of the countenance is large, well defined, and all the parts of it are harmoniously disposed. These characters of beauty are found even among the lowest class of the inhabitants, and many of the heads of the commonest people might appear with propriety in an historical painting. Nothing can be more picturesque than the heads of the old men. The beauty of the women is, perhaps, less perfect. 'Nature,' says the abbé Dupaty, 'could not possibly have placed more properly, or in a manner more justly harmonizing, the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the chin, the ears, and the neck. She could not have employed forms more pure, more mild, or more correct. All the parts are finished, and the whole is complete.—A beautiful Roman head always astonishes: it has its full effect at a first view, and the least suggestion recalls it to mind.'

The perfection of the hands, which is so rare in the western countries, is not inferior among the Romans to the beauty of the countenance. The form of the shoulders acquires with age, and in consequence of that plumpness which succeeds to the charms of youth, a perfection and grace of which the Roman ladies are extremely proud, and of which they avail themselves by uncovering those parts, and displaying them with equal coquetry and ostentation.

Proceeding from the south to the north, and from the east to the west, the character of the Roman beauty degenerates, and becomes more rare. In Tuscany, however, and especially at Florence and Sienna, we find very beautiful women. In the higher countries, and those which make part of the chain of the Apennines, the complexion is fresh and clear, and, in the women, the shape has a

justness of proportion only reprehensible for its too great tendency to *embonpoint*, which is not compatible with that kind of beauty sought after by artists.

Lombardy, inclosed between mountains, and watered by a great number of rivers which fertilize it, no longer presents in its inhabitants the Italian character. Forms too voluminous, and a too marked *embonpoint*, there diminish beauty. At Milan, however, and in some other cities, we find very beautiful women; and if we were to judge from the perfection of a small number of specimens, we should be led to consider the city just mentioned as one of those in which the character of the Italian beauty is displayed in its greatest lustre.

The more we advance towards the Alps the more this character of beauty disappears, and the more the human form approaches that of the inhabitants of the north and west of Europe. Of the whole of this part, which comprises Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and England, the south of France is the country in which the beauty of the women reminds us most of the antique, and presents analogies with the beauties of Greece and Italy. It is principally in late Provence, and a part of Languedoc, that the conformation of the women presents this perfection; and, as Camper as well observed, we find among the inhabitants of these southern countries more frequently than in any other part of the western region that finished contour of the jaw, and that flatness of the visage, which appears to be of Grecian origin, and approaches to that inexpressible charm which the ancient artist has diffused over the countenance of the Apollo, and over that of the Venus de Medici.

In several of the northern departments of France, we find very agreeable women, but without any trait of similitude with the antique perfection; and nature scarcely ever completes in those high latitudes the extremities, which she finishes with so much care under the beauteous sky of Italy. The purest and finest complexions and well-made forms, somewhat indeed too strongly expressed, recompence these defects, and cause them to be disregarded, in the females of several parts of Normandy, Picardy, Flanders, and Belgium. The women of Paris, who may be considered as almost a distinct species of women, are more conspicuous for their elegant air and manner, their grace, and the art with which they avail themselves of all their advantages, than for any great character of beauty. Their features, more agreeable than regular, have rarely any remarkable resemblance to the Grecian models. Immured in the closeness of their habitations, like the plant reared under the bell-glass, they become weak and defective in their proportions; they want freshness and colour, and their complexion has in general more of the interesting paleness of convalescence than of the animated bloom of youth and health.

THE

COUNTRY TOWN,

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 317.)

ACT III.

Scene VII.

Madame Guibert.

FLORA, Flora, Flora!—Where is this idle thoughtless girl, that she does not answer?—and at a time, too,

when, perhaps, she may make her fortune.—Flora! I say.

Scene VIII.

Flora, *Madame* Guibert.

Flora. Do you want me, mamma? Here I am.

Madame Guibert. Want you? yes: why don't you come when I call you?

Flora. I was feeding your canary-bird, mamma.

Madame Guibert. Never mind my canary-bird; there are things of much more importance for you to attend to. You are now grown up, and of age to be married.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. I have spared no expence to give you a good education; and, in fact, you will do honour to any man you marry.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. But you know—for I have often told you—that this town affords no very desirable matches for marriageable daughters. Here are only some ill-educated rustics; coxcombs, who have no wit, and very little money. Paris is the place for an accomplished young woman to obtain a suitable settlement. I did intend to send you to pass some time with my brother in the capital, and I doubt not but you would have met with an eligible offer.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. Thank Heaven, I hope you will have no occasion to make the journey. My brother is very properly attentive to the interest of his family. He has sent me, with letters of recommendation, a young heir, who has just succeeded to an estate of five thousand a year.

Flora. Five thousand a year, mamma!

Madame Guibert. He is coming to reside here for a time with his friend. He is a very amiable young man: he has sense and wit, is very accomplished, and is fond of music. I hope you will approve of him for a husband.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. You must display before him all your graces, your powers of pleasing, your wit, your conversation, and all the accomplishments you have acquired by the finished education I have taken care to give you.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. They will return immediately. Take care to behave in such a manner that the first interview may make a strong impression: that is a great matter. But come hither; let me look at you. You know I have forbidden you ever to make use of *rouge*, except when you go to a ball. However, when one looks so pale as you do, and especially when it is by the advice of your mother, there is no harm in it. A little judiciously applied is sometimes a great addition to girls of your complexion.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. (Putting rouge on her daughter's cheeks) Remember, child, that modesty is the greatest ornament of a maiden—the most valuable portion she can bring to her husband. But how stiff and awkward you are in that corset! You must dress yourself more *à la Grecque*, since it is the fashion: but never depart from the principles of virtue and *bon ton*, which you have received from your mother. Is your piano tuned?

Flora. Good heavens! No.

Madame Guibert. Why I thought it was to have been done a week ago.

Flora. Mr. Splimann has promised to come to-morrow morning.

Madame Guibert. Well, I hope he will not fail. I will arrange a little concert, and invite all our ac-

quaintance. The two young gentlemen from Paris, Splimann and you, may perform a quartetto; and Francis, who is beginning to play a little on the clarionet, may take a part.

Flora. What, our servant, mamma?

Madame Guibert. In a family party it does not signify. Besides, I do not wish to invite any of the players from the orchestra of our theatre of beneficence; they are pert and satirical, and no better than they should be.—But I hear my two accomplished Parisian visitors coming. Prepare yourself, my dear; behave with a modest confidence, and don't be too bashful and shame-faced, and take care to speak when it is proper, and to the purpose.

Scene IX.

Madame Guibert, Flora, Desroches, Delille.

Desroches. You see, madam, that we have kept our word, and have not been long.

Madame Guibert. You have been but too long, gentlemen.

Flora. Yes, a good deal too long.

Delille. Our servant, Dubois, will immediately bring all our baggage. Really, madam, I am quite ashamed to think of the trouble you force us to give you.

Madame Guibert. Do not speak of it, I entreat you, gentlemen. Will you permit me to present my daughter?—Your curtsey, Flora.

Desroches. Miss, I am——

Delille. Enchanted!

Flora. Gentlemen—*(Aside to her mother)* Which of the two, mamma?

Madame Guibert. *(Aside to her daughter)* The youngest;—he next to me. *(Aloud)* She is my only child. The hope of seeing her well settled can alone console me for the loss of a husband I can never cease to lament. I have neglected nothing to finish her education; but you must be aware that in a country town, like this, it is not easy to procure the means.—She is a little bashful; but she has an excellent heart, and a cultivated mind. *(Aside to her daughter)* Speak, Flora.

Flora. Yes, mamma.

Madame Guibert. How provoking! Is that the way to answer?

Flora. Why, what would you have me say, mamma?

Madame Guibert. Hold your tongue.——*(To them)* My brother writes me in his letter that you are very fond of music. My daughter has an excellent voice, and can sing and play, I think I may say, with some taste. After dinner, you shall, if you please, judge of her performance.

Delille. But why, madam, need we wait for that pleasure till after dinner?

Desroches. We shall be delighted to hear the young lady.

Madame Guibert. You have quite confused her: she is very easily intimidated; especially when in the company of gentlemen who come from Paris.—She has, too, the bad habit of wanting a great deal of entreaty.

Delille. Oh, if entreaty be all that is wanted, we will supplicate, we will conjure you, miss.

Desroches. I will join my friend, and most earnestly solicit the favour——

Flora. Indeed—I am ashamed—

Madame Guibert. Come, come you must not be too bashful.

Flora. I have got a cold, too.

Madame Guibert. Yes, you have always got a cold, or something or another, when you ought not to have it.

Flora. But, mother, what shall I sing?

Madame Guibert. What you please. Come, hold yourself upright, and sing.

Flora. *(Coughing)* Hem—hem.—I am sure I don't know how I shall succeed. *(Begins abruptly, with a very loud and shrill voice)*

I will without confinement rove,
Guided alone by blissful love.

Madame Guibert. For goodness sake, what kind of a song is this?

Flora. *(Continuing to sing)*

No, no, no, it ne'er shall be—
No marriage chains shall e'er bind me.

Madame Guibert. Gracious heavens! where could you learn this shocking stuff? Pray let us have no more of it. You will not be bound by marriage chains, indeed! Is this a song fit for a young lady to sing?

Flora. Why, mamma, it is from the opera of the beauteous Arsenia.

Madame Guibert. The beauteous Arsenia was a fool and a hussy; and I hope you will not follow her example.—Besides, the music is old and out of date.

Flora. Well, then, mamma, what shall I sing?

Madame Guibert. Why, something new—such as,

When I meet with a worthy man,
I'll try to get married as soon as I can.

Or,

Hymen's gentle chains I'll wear.

Flora. Oh, ah! that I believe I can sing.

Delille. Do, miss: it is a very pleasing air; and much more suitable to the situation.

Flora. Hem—hem. *(Sings)*

Hymen's gentle chains I'll wear—
They shall banish every care:
Fervid but transient are Love's fires;
Hymen a settled warmth inspires;
And oft of gold his fetters are.—
Hymen's glittering chains I'll wear.

Desroches. Exquisitely sung, miss; like an angel!

Madame Guibert. Like an angel, indeed! like a simpleton. She generally sings a thousand times better than this. Besides, she has not given that tender expression to the words which they require.

Flora. Indeed, mamma, it is not my fault. You know I got such a cold at our last rout, that it is a wonder I can sing at all.

Desroches. Do not find fault with her, madam; she sings admirably.

Delille. Oh, certainly. *(Aside to Desroches)* Give me leave, I will put an end to all this in a moment. *(Aloud)* I have no doubt, my dear sir, that this young lady's voice is extremely pleasing to you, for it must remind you, as it does me, of a person very dear to you. Have you not observed it?

Desroches. Whom do you mean?

Delille. Your lady—your wife.

Desroches. My wife!

Madame Guibert. His wife!

Flora. Good heavens!—his wife!

Desroches. *(Aside to Delille)* What do you mean?

Delille. *(Aside to Desroches)* Do not contradict me; you will perceive presently. *(Aloud)* Her voice has exactly the same tone, the same pitch, the same compass.

Madame Guibert. How, sir, are you married?

Desroches. Married, madam!

Delille. Yes, madam, he is married—*(Aside to Desroches)* Assent to all that I say—*(Aloud)* to a charming woman—*(Aside to Desroches)* I have my reasons for acting thus—*(Aloud)* a young widow. The wedding took place about six months since:—*(Aside to Desroches)* You will see. *(Aloud)*—I was present at it.

Madame Guibert. Indeed, sir!—I most sincerely wish you joy; I am glad you have been able to make a choice which I have no doubt—— You may leave us, Flora.

Delille. *(Aside to Desroches)* You now perceive the motive of all this

politeness. *(Aloud)* I am extremely sorry, madam, that we must so soon be deprived of the company of your amiable daughter.

Madame Guibert. I ask your pardon, gentlemen; but she has employments which must not be neglected: she must attend her lessons, too.

Flora. (Aside to her mother) But perhaps, mamma, the other gentleman is not married.

Madame Guibert. What do you say?—Go, go, I tell you.

Flora. Mamma, must I tell Mr. Splimann of the concert to-morrow?

Madame Guibert. Concert! what concert? Is this a time for concerts, when every body is busy with the vintage?

Flora (Curtsying) Gentlemen, I have the honour——

Madame Guibert. Well, well, that will do—leave us. [*Exit Flora.*

Scene X.

Madame Guibert, Delille, Desroches.

Delille. Your daughter, madam, is extremely handsome, and infinitely agreeable.

Madame Guibert. You are very polite, sir. No: she would only be reckoned an awkward country girl among the fine ladies of Paris.—But one thing has just occurred to me, for which I ask your pardon; and that is, that I have been rather too precipitate in offering you an apartment in my house, for, on further consideration, I am afraid you will find it very small and inconvenient.

Delille. Oh, no, madam, that cannot be. It has, you know, a delightful prospect over the river and the gardens; there is a library, glasses, a dressing-table, cupboards, a commode—nothing is wanting.

Madame Guibert. Yes; but there is only one chamber, and a closet.

Delille. Well, madam, that is sufficient. Two friends, inseparable as we are, occupy no more space than a single person. There is only one objection; and that is, if Mr. Desroches should invite his lady to come down, as he has some thoughts of doing——

Madame Guibert. You will allow that, then, however desirous I may be, it will not be in my power to furnish suitable accommodations to you and the lady too.

Delille. Yes, madam, that must be admitted.

(To be continued.)

Account *of the New Comedy entitled* The Village; or, The World's Epitome; *performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, on Thursday, July* 18.

The Characters were thus represented.

Jack Mutable	Mr. Elliston.
Frank, his Friend . .	Mr. De Camp.
Process	Mr. Dowton.
George Grouse . . .	Mr. W. Palmer.
Timothy Anvil . . .	Mr. Matthews.
Anthony	Mr. Liston.
Widow Eglingtown	Mrs. Mara.
Widow Meadows . .	Mrs. Harlowe.
Judith Process . . .	Mrs. Powell.
Rosa Meadows . . .	Mrs. Gibbs.
Maria	Mrs. Matthews.

THE Prologue, spoken by Mr. Chapman, informed the audience that the Author's object was to prove that a country village is a miniature of the town, with all its vices. In the execution of this plan, he employs *Jack Mutable*, a Bond-street lounger, who is disgusted with town, in consequence of the supposed infidelity of *Maria*, a young lady with whom he is in love. He is accom-

panied by his friend *Frank;* but their journey is interrupted by the breaking down of their carriage, in the neighbourhood of a country village.—Their adventures here constitute the incidents, and introduce all the other characters of which the piece is composed. In their search for accommodations, *Jack Mutable* makes love to every women he meets; and, being remarkably short-sighted, as well by nature as from affectation, he is betrayed into several ludicrous mistakes. The *Widow Eglingtown* he finds is a flirt, ready to forsake her former admirer, *George Grouse,* a country 'squire. The *Widow Meadows* he finds an artful woman, who is willing to entertain the two strangers only with a view to get a husband for *Rosa,* her daughter, an awkward simpleton; and *Miss Judith Process* is an ugly old maid, whom her brother, an attorney, seeks to force him to marry. *Mutable,* thus disgusted with the litigation, coquetry, and selfishness of the village, is preparing to depart, when he meets his mistress *Maria,* who had followed him from town, and he discovers that there were no grounds for his jealousy.

From this sketch our readers will immediately perceive that the plot of this piece is taken from that of a French play, a translation of which is now continuing in the LADY'S MAGAZINE, under the title of the *Country Town* *; (see the preceding article); *viz. La Petite Ville* of Picard. The scene, however, is transferred to England, and *Desroches* is changed into *Jack Mutable;* his friend *Delille,* into *Frank; Riflard,* into *Squire Grouse; Vernon,* into *Process; Miss Vernon* his daughter, into *Miss Judith Process; Madame Guibert,* into the *Widow Eglingtown, &c.* Had the execution of this transformation been equal to the original design and plan of the piece, it would have fully answered the public expectation; but, besides some other defects, the attempts to excite laughter by pleasantries not found in the original, were in general unsuccessful. *Anvil,* the village smith, who acts as porter to the two strangers, and carries their luggage about in their search for a lodging, makes some tolerable hits in the language of his forge; but most of the efforts of *Jack Mutable,* the hero of the piece, in the same way, are rather ridiculous than ludicrous. On the whole, the disapprobation of the public with respect to these parts was so evidently manifested on the first night of representation, and so fully confirmed on the second, that it was withdrawn.

This piece, it is understood, is from the pen of Mr. Cherry, the author of the *Soldier's Daughter.*

* The *Country Town* was begun in the Magazine for January of the present year, and will be completed in the next and following numbers.

On the PRESENT MANNERS *of the* FRENCH.

(From a late Publication.)

A TASTE for magnificence and expence is encouraged by the French government. The policy of this is obvious: it is done to countenance the extravagancies of Bonaparte and his family; and to exhaust those who have acquired money during the storms of the revolution, or from the plunder of other nations;—a method by which the tyrant hopes to render them more subservient to his designs. This is seen in the character of the metropolis, where the distinctions of wealth are vanishing under the subtle policy of the usurper. He acts on the maxim, that to impoverish and

oppress, is to render dependent. A respectable middle class of people exists not in Paris: the *Bourgeois* are ill-informed and vulgar; and live in much poverty at home, to be able to cover themselves with finery when they go out.

With regard to one distinguished class of men in Paris, the artists, their attention is employed, and their genius excited, by premiums offered for plans for an *imperial palace.* Projects for building an *imperial church,* by finishing with suitable grandeur the neglected structure of the Madeline, also occupy them; and they are stimulated to an emulation in designing the beauties of this latter edifice, which is intended to ornament an *imperial parish* in the neighbourhood of the Thuilleries.

The general progress of the arts in Paris is not highly honourable to their professors. At the last yearly exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and architecture, at the Louvre, out of the seventy-two subjects that appeared, drawn from every period of history, thirty-six were devoted, in abject adulation, to celebrating Bonaparte and his actions. The most conspicuous was one of his visit to the hospital at Jaffa, to comfort the sick and dissipate the fears of the plague. How are the actions of *great men* misrepresented!

The greatest portion of the inhabitants in the morning examine their numerous daily papers, for the criticisms on the theatric performances of the preceding night, and for intelligence of what is to be played in the evening.

They look for the solutions of enigmas, and new ones proposed; and observe what general, senator, or other happy individual, has best succeeded, and merited the prizes announced by the publishers of these journals, for the riddle-solving talents of their readers.

They do their business, or, having none to do, go out to walk, and sit in the public *promenades.* They dine in great haste; after one glass of *liqueur* and a cup of coffee, resort either to the public walks, the theatres, dances, or gambling-houses.

A habit of taking tea at very late hours gains ground very much. Cards occupy the whole attention of their private parties, from which all rational and useful conversation, and all public spirit and energy, are banished; and this is their general mode of spending the day.

The people in business know no settled interval of remission; they labour most irregularly at all hours, at the tedious confusion of their affairs.

The Parisians deal with each other in the ordinary concerns of life and business as if they were a nation of swindlers, and each man thought his neighbour intended to cheat him. All their transactions are rendered tiresome by a number of cautious formalities which impede their progress; and the universal remark is, 'The Revolution has done this.' Every class of men and women frequent the public gaming-tables in Paris.

The surest way of carrying any point with a general, minister, or judge, whom you are soliciting, is to employ a female. Accordingly the public and private audiences of these persons are crowded by ladies, who are always the most effectual negociators to obtain favour, and the most proper means of conveying any *douceur* which you may think it advisable to use in aid of the justice of your cause. A man sends his wife, his mistress; and if he is so connected as to be able to choose among ladies who stand in those different relations to him, he will prefer the handsomest.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

A LOVER'S LIST.

In answer to J. M. L's. *See page* 103.

YOUNG Frederic first, with graceful air,
Declar'd himself my lover;
But shortly he refused was,
For Henry the rover.

Young Harry rov'd from this to that,
And me he soon discarded:
But, being only tit for tat,
The slight I disregarded.

Next William I had surely wed;
But, before we were marry'd,
The thoughtless youth away had fled;—
And so my plan miscarry'd.

Next James and John, alack the day!
Unlucky, came together:
To them I knew not what to say;
I could not fix on either.

But while I ponder'd what to do,
Young Edmund came, so clever;
I thought, when he began to woo,
He'd win my heart for ever.

But soon, my favour to obtain,
Came Albert; none trod lighter,
Or nimbler danc'd upon the plain;—
None of the swains shone brighter.

And now I vow'd that I would not
Admit another lover:
But Charley came, upon the same,
And did his heart discover.

With Albert I was loth to part,
To leave him for another;
And yet could not find in my heart
How to refuse the other.

I ponder'd well the matter through,
And firmly I believed
That no great danger could ensue
If I them both received.

But jealousy soon caused words,
Each well his right defended;
At last they went and measur'd swords—
And so the quarrel ended.

Next Thomas came, with lively air,
With ev'ry grace enriched;
And this sweet youth, I do declare,
My very heart bewitched.

But soon, alas! I tired was
Of Thomas's advances;
And, like a giddy thoughtless lass,
I Thomas chang'd for Francis.

And Francis, more than any youth
Amongst them, I admire:
He's ev'ry thing—he is, in truth—
That fancy can desire.

I never will desert this swain,
I do him love so well;
No, no, I'll never change again—
Except for J. M. L.

Holbeach Marsh. JANE C--K--G.

NANCY.

ADIEU! ye plains where nature smiles;
Adieu! ye verdant groves;
The view no more my thought beguiles,
No more my solace proves.

Adieu! ye scenes of infant bliss;
Yon babbling brook, adieu!
On whose soft banks a tender kiss
I stole from Nancy true.

Adieu! yon well-remember'd bow'r;
Adieu! yon cottage door;
Where oft I pass'd the peaceful hour,
Which I must pass no more.

For Nancy from the plains is fled,
To realms of purer peace:—
I'll wander wide, to pleasure dead,
Till death shall bring release.

July 3, 1805. J. M. L.

JESSY.

LOUD roar'd the boist'rous blast of heav'n,
Whilst Jessy rov'd with bosom bare;
The fleecy snow in heaps was driv'n;
The black'ning tempest filled the air.

To Jessy's senses all was lost:—
She knew, nor felt, the driving storm;
By love, alas! too rudely crost,
Distraction seiz'd her beauteous form.

A soldier shar'd her gentle heart:—
Than Henry none more true or brave:—
But war's stern dictates bade them part;
And Henry found an early grave!

Since then, no joy has Jessy known:
Her only theme is Henry's love;
Her mind is melancholy's throne:—
But Henry will be hers above.

July 3, 1805. J. M. L.

STANZAS.

WHERE yonder softly-flowing stream
In peaceful slumbers wends its way,
Oft have I stray'd, of love to dream,
Or hear the rustic's roundelay.

I hate the town's tumultuous throng;
I hate its gaudy, glitt'ring glare;
But love to pour the pensive song,
And nature's blissful bounty share.

For where you see the woodbine bow'r,
Each joy of life I often prove;
The pleasures of the classic hour,
With those of friendship, and of love.

And, oh! ye powers of Mercy! grant,
Content may still each wish controul!
Just keep me free from chilling want;
And, when I die, receive my soul!

J. M. L.

THE DOOR THAT OPENS WITH A LATCH.

AN ODE.—*By* CLIO RICKMAN.

FINE folks, and fine houses, are nothing to me;
Nor care I for splendor or state;
From fashion and nonsense I wish to be free,
And the purse-proud and crafty I hate:
But I love all the charms to the cot that attach,
Where the door of rusticity opes with a latch.

Crowded cities are full of unnatural hordes,
Where folly and fuss and misery combine;
Full of pompous professions, and unmeaning words,
Where truth is kick'd out, for the frothy and fine:
O bear me from these to the cot crown'd with thatch,
Where the door of simplicity opes with a latch.

O bear me from these to the hamlet's dear green,
Where mirth gaily leads on the hours;
Where nature exhibits each beautiful scene,
And melody gladdens the bowers.
The parting sun's ray o'er yon downs let me catch,
Then repose in the cot whose door opes with a latch.

Dear simplicity, too, of mind and of mien—
Most charming of qualities—flourishes here:
Here beauty bright blazes; and true love, its queen,
Lights up in the breast each affection sincere.
For ever far hence be the money-made match!
Nor the cottage pollute whose door opes with a latch.

The greatest of foes to the good of mankind
Was he who two houses adjoining first built:
Then to town, and town-manners, away flew the hind,
To finery, disquiet, and slavery, and guilt;—
To cities repair'd, ev'ry mischief to hatch,
And left honesty's roof, and the door with a latch.

How hateful the sound of the thundering hall,
Where impudent lackies, and ladies, and lords,
Be-gilt and be-painted, affectedly squall;
Unhealthy, and solemn, no hearts, and all words;
With trouble and pain each disquiet they hatch,
Such as reach not the roof whose door opes with a latch.

Here, too—at the close of the busier day,
When the bright orb of glory descends in the west,
And steals to the tomb, a lingering ray—
Where my soul's early partner retir'd to her rest,
Let me dwell on her virtues, which nothing can match,
Then retire to the cot whose door opes with a latch.

Oh, grant me, from noise and cabal far away,
With the children of lowly pursuits to abide;
O'er the uplands, the woods, and the downs, let me stray,
'Midst nature's fine scenery, and with her reside:
Exult in her beauties, her glowing tints catch,
As I sit at my door, that still opes with a latch.

Blest scenes! each domestic delight to improve,
To give vigour to all the emotions of heart;
Nurse of sentiment, taste, and the raptures of love;
To me and to mine, oh! your blessings impart:
Night, morning, and noon, all your charms will I watch,
Nor the mansion e'er quit whose door opes with a latch.

MATRIMONIAL HINT, TO STELLA.

WHAT heart, when with youthful desire it first glows,
Enamour'd of wrinkled old age do we see?
What bee quits the fragrance and sweets of the rose,
To feed on dry leaves at the foot of the tree?

FLORIO.

THE POWER OF GRAVITY.

SIR ISAAC, that surprising man,
Long toil'd, with fruitless industry,
The universal cause to scan,
Ere he discover'd *Gravity*.

At length, one day, by chance, he 'spied
An apple falling from a tree;
Then with triumphant joy he cried—
"The thing I sought for!—*Gravity*."

That all things to their centre tend,
Since Newton's days the learn'd agree;
Prince, statesman, soldier, lover, friend,
Has each his point of *Gravity*.

Self-interest, ambition, love,
Compose the mighty centres three,
Tow'rds which all human creatures move,
With various pow'rs of *Gravity*.

The patriot, while he puffs and blows,
And bawls so loud for liberty,
Seeks (tho' he thinks that no one knows)
Some *private* point of *Gravity*.

The judge, who looks so sternly just,
So void of partiality,
Like other atoms of frail dust,
Is biass'd oft by *Gravity*.

The lawyer, who turns black to white,
And *vice versa*, for a fee,
Acknowledges his magic might
Depends on *golden Gravity*.

The sage physician, to whose skill
We trust our lives, if sick we be,
(Let his prescription cure or kill)
Owes half his fame to *Gravity*.

The crafty son of merchandise,
Who labours like the busy bee,
Both when he sells and when he buys
Puts on the mask of *Gravity*.

As for the poor hard-toiling race,
It needs no great sagacity
Their plain propensities to trace,
Without the aid of *Gravity*.

But now I find the theme I sing
Begins to operate on me—
So, muse, compose thy weary wing,
And sink in silent *Gravity*.

HAFIZ.

TO A LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF VIOLETS.

(*By* THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.)

THESE violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of spring;
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse—
Love's earliest tribute to the muse.

Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.
Wit is a flower; and bards prepare
The flower of fancy for the fair.
The flower of youth the loves appear,
Leading in flowery youth the year;
And beauty's flowery fetters bind
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flowers the graces Venus deck;
And these adorn a fairer neck:
That neck, whose paradise to range,
A flower I'd prove, and bless the change;
One little hour I'd live, then die—
A violet in that heaven lie.

Still as you charm, some flower we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
Does Laura lead the courtly dance?
We hail the *flower of elegance.*
Does fashion's wreath adorn her brow?
The *flower of taste* is Laura now.
In Laura's mien, in Laura's mind,
The twin-born *flowers of grace* we find;
And in her blushing cheek we see,
The *royal rose of dignity.*
Yon lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms next her heart, the *flower of truth.*
Oh, might these violet buds express,
The opening *flower of tenderness.*

But not the brightest flower of spring,
That fancy paints, or poets sing;
Nor these, nor all the sweets that blow,
The rose's blush, the lily's snow,
With thee in excellence compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair.
For in thy bosom lives a flower
Not time shall spoil, nor death devour:
A flower that no rude season fears;—
And VIRTUE's sacred name it bears.

On seeing some POETICAL COMPOSITIONS *of a* VERY YOUNG LADY.

JOYOUS we view the primrose pale
Peep forth beneath the thorn;
Sweetly the balmy breath inhale
That scents the vernal morn:

But greater joy, when first the rose
Presents its lovely form;
To see its beauteous leaves disclose,
Unfolding with the dawn.

But greater still my bosom feels,
To view th' unfolding mind:—
Gradual each hidden gem reveals
To fortune's fickle wind.

Oft when the beauteous tints we view,
And hail the opening flower,
The blast of envy flies too true,
And nips it ere an hour.

But when its bloom shall scent the air,
And candor give it praise,
No fairer wreath can genius wear,
While genius plants the bays.

May fortune's sun, dear maid, be thine!
And ev'ry blessing given,
In your sweet mind reflected shine,
And hail the gift of heaven!

Fleet. CLEMENT COOTE.

THE SHEPHERD'S REQUEST.

GO, gentle gales, and tell the maid,
In beauty's blooming smiles array'd,
The flame that warms my heart:
Tell her how oft she wakes a sigh,
Whene'er I pass unheeded by,
A slave to Cupid's dart.

Tell her, how oft I've wish'd in vain,
To meet her image on the plain,
And all my heart disclose;
But still a slave I wander'd on,
And vainly bid each care begone,
That I might taste repose.

Ye sylvan powers, who love the shade,
Oh! when she next requires your aid,
In gentle whispers tell—
The youth that feels her conq'ring charms,
Wounded by love's resistless arms,
A guileless victim fell.

His heart, a stranger to the snare,
Which fashion spreads to catch the fair,
With deepest cunning plann'd;
Tell her his breast more transport knows,
In healing, than creating, woes,
And aiding virtue's stand.

Oh! if these truths attract her ear,
Pour'd from a bleeding heart sincere,
Your winning voice renew:
Tell her, the soul that feels the fire
Lit at her charms, with pure desire,
Shall prove for ever true.

Fleet. CLEMENT COOTE.

LINES

Written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, *the night before his execution.*

EVEN such is Time; that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
(When we have wander'd all our ways)
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

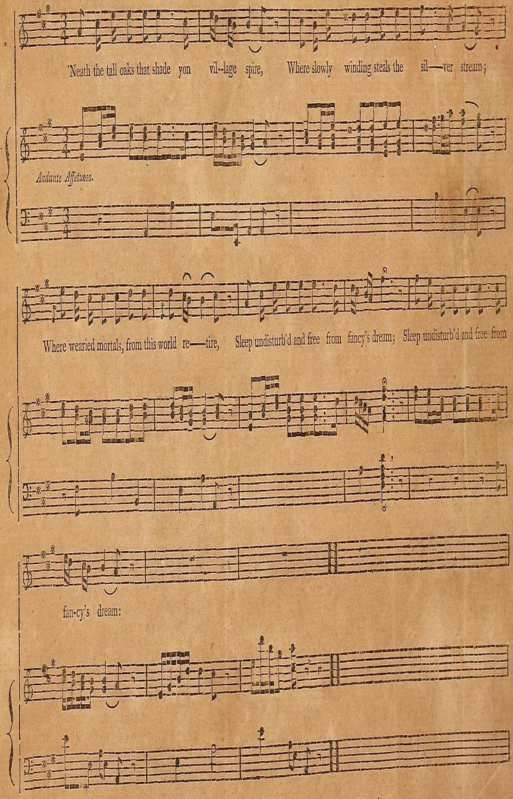
EPIGRAM.

(*From Boileau.*)

YOU say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cur'd me of a dang'rous ill:—
I say, he never did prescribe for me;
The proof is plain—I'm living still.

THE GOOD MAN'S GRAVE.—An Elegy.

Set to Music by W. Barre.



There lies entomb'd, beneath the mould'ring sod,
The orphan's father, and the poor man's friend,
Who smooth'd the rugged path Affliction trod—
Whose pride was virtuous knowledge to extend.

There oft at eve the rustic village throng
Strew flow'rs of fancy o'er the good man's grave;
There oft at eve they sing the sacred song—
The song of sorrow for the good and brave.

Lady's Mag. 1805.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, May 15.

THE ministers of the porte have held two great conferences relative to the proposition which has been made for a triple alliance between England, another great power, and the sublime porte, but nothing has yet been determined; and though some persons pretend that this alliance is already signed, it is known with certainty that the minister of the power not named has received orders from his court to delay the conclusion of the negociation.

Cadiz, May 21. Five days since the secret expedition which had put into Lisbon passed the Straits, and cast anchor in the road of Gibraltar; it consists of 5000 men, on board fifty-three transports, convoyed by three men-of-war. Four hundred of these troops, and a regiment, will, it is said, remain at Gibraltar, and replace the 13th and 14th regiments of the present garrison there, who will embark for the Windward Islands. Several mutinies have already broken out in these regiments. With regard to the expedition itself, it is in a state of inactivity, and appears by no means in a hurry to repair to its destination.

Lord Nelson, with his fleet, consisting of twelve sail of the line, five ships under admiral Orde, and three under admiral Bickerton, in all twenty sail, are cruising between Cape St. Vincent and Finisterre, before Carthagena, Gibraltar, and other parts in the Mediterranean.—*(Moniteur.)*

Madrid, May 24. More than thirty ships of the line are now lying in our ports, the greater part of them ready to sail; viz. eleven at Ferrol, besides five French ships which are there, ten fitted out at Cadiz, five at Corunna, and six at Carthagena, under rear-admiral Salzedo: to these are to be added, a proportionate number of frigates, and other ships of war. Every thing indicates that the part we shall take in the war will be splendid and glorious.

Constantinople, May 30. M. Romieu, who lately resided in Corfu as French consul, has arrived here from Paris, with dispatches to the chargé d'affairs.

Parandier's arrival may be considered as a supplement to the mission of M. Joubert, and relates not only to the notification of the new regal dignity of Italy, but also to its acknowledgment. In like manner, in the letter which M. Joubert delivered to the grand-seignor, the acknowledgment of the emperor of France is alluded to, and the warmest assurances expressed by that monarch towards the grand-seignor.

M. Joubert, at the time of his departure from Paris, received instructions to wait for an answer from the grand-seignor to the letter of the French emperor, on which account he still continues at Constantinople, ten days having elapsed without any answer to the said letter having been received. The chargé d'affairs Parandier gave in a written memorial to the porte. He was then informed that the grand-vizier had received directions to transmit an answer to the said letter to the minister Talleyrand. M. M. Parandier and Joubert were not satisfied with this reply, but declared that a letter from the French to the Turkish emperor must be answered by the latter. The grand-seignor, therefore, caused an answer written by

himself to the emperor Napoleon to be delivered to M. Joubert, with which the latter will immediately set out on his return to Paris.

This answer contains assurances of friendship corresponding to those made to the grand-seignor by the French emperor, but no mention is made of an acknowledgment. The letter is accompanied by a particular one from the grand-vizier to the minister Talleyrand.

Cadiz, May 31. An English frigate and two brigs have been cruising in our neighbourhood for three days past. The Spanish ship of the line El Glorio, of eighty guns, put to sea yesterday. On Sunday evening a cannonade took place between her and the frigate; and in the night time a stronger cannonade was heard. Yesterday the English frigate and brigs were again in sight, but the Spanish ship has not since been seen.

Vienna, June 5. The Prussian envoy here, count Von Keller, has applied for his recall: his successor is not yet known.

The regiments which are to occupy the camp of exercise at Schimmeron have received orders to break up for their different quarters to-morrow, that they may enter the above camp on the 10th instant.

Italy, June 10. The report of changes at Lucca, and at Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, still continues. The civil code for these three duchies has been published under the seal of the kingdom of Italy. The gonfaloniere of Lucca, Belluomini, is at Milan. Lucca, it is said, will be united to the principality of Piombino.

June 13. Forty-eight battalions of infantry and forty-five squadrons of cavalry, attended by a train of sixty pieces of cannon, are now manœuvring in the immense plain of Montechairo. Upon an eminence in the middle is perceived the emperor's tent, who from thence looks on the positions of Senato, Castiglione, Montebaldo, and Rivoli. The eye is lost in the horizon, bounded by Mantua on the one side, and by the fertile plains of Romagna on the other.

Never did France possess finer troops, who went through their manœuvres with more promptitude, or were animated by a more enterprising spirit. Independent of this camp and that at Marengo, we have a division at Genoa, a second at Florence, and a third at Naples; so that upon the whole we have absolutely more troops in Italy than at any former period, without reckoning the Italian troops, who are formed under their masters, and appear animated by the desire of rendering themselves worthy of their sovereign.

When possessed of so much power, we ask, we wish, only for peace, and a peace on fair conditions. Can any thing equal the blindness of a power which rejects it? of a power too which has not the means of wounding the prosperity and repose of the enemy it fights against?—*(Moniteur.)*

Vienna, June 15. Besides the camps at Pettau, Kaschaw, Cracow, and Summering, it is determined that a camp of exercise shall be formed near Trevis, under the command of the archduke John.

The Ligurian envoy, Boccondi, set out, by orders from his government, three days ago, for Genoa; and, on account of the changes that have taken place there, will not return. Our envoy at Genoa, baron Guisti, whose secretary of legation is arrived here, is likewise soon expected to return.

The baron Von Winzingerode has arrived here, having on his journey from Berlin to St. Petersburgh found orders at Riga to proceed to Vienna with certain dispatches. He has had conferences with the cabinet minister, count Colloredo, and the minister of state, count Cobentzel. It is conjectured that his mission has a connection with the proposals for a general peace. The report that the baron was to go to Milan is unfounded.

Several regiments have been removed from those provinces which suffer by dearth and the dearness of provisions; and their marching has been ascribed by short-sighted politicians to warlike views.

The report of an interview between

our monarch or the archduke Charles and his Prussian majesty is not confirmed.

Amsterdam, June 15. The general estimate of the public expenditure for the Batavian republic, during the last months of this year, has been published; which, including ordinary and extraordinary items, amounts to no less a sum than 50,501,560 guilders, 17 stivers and a half.

The Batavian land forces, exclusive of the pensionary's body-guard, are to consist of eight regiments of infantry, each of three battalions; two regiments of light infantry, each of 1123, in two battalions; one regiment of foot-artillery, of three battalions, each to consist of six companies, 677 men strong; a company of pontoniers, of 59 men; three regiments of cavalry, each consisting of 616 men; a company of miners and sappers, of 73 men; riding artillery, 224 men; corps de genie, 78 men; the regiments of Waldeck, 1764 men, and those of Saxe Gotha, 868 men. In the whole, including the pensionary's guard, 21,299 men.

Frankfort, June 18. The following is mentioned from Milan, dated June 3. "It is reported that this city will not long form the capital of the kingdom of Italy, but that the seat of government will be transferred to Rome, the ancient metropolis of the world. This is, however, highly improbable."

Berlin, June 25. The Russian imperial chamberlain and minister of justice, M. Novosiltsoff, arrived here the day before yesterday, from St. Petersburgh.

The English envoy here, Mr. Jackson, who has been for three weeks at Dresden, returned yesterday in great haste, and had a conference with M. Novosiltsoff, who has arrived here sooner than was expected.

Paris, June 25. It is thought that his majesty the emperor and king will not be in Paris these two months.

It is asserted that his imperial highness prince Louis is about to take the command of a large army upon the coast. It is said that his head-quarters will be at St. Amand, whither this prince will first repair to take the waters. Marshal Lannes is returned from Milan to Paris.

Altona, June 25. M. Novosiltsoff, it is said, will go directly to Mentz, where he will learn at what place he may see the emperor of the French.

It is said that their majesties the emperor of Germany and the king of Prussia have had an interview, on the estate of count Wallenstein, in Bohemia. Their majesties were attended by a very small retinue.

Berlin, June 29. M. Novosiltsoff is still here. The minister for the electorate of Hanover, M. Ampteda, will to-morrow give him a grand dinner.

Banks of the Maine, June 29. According to one of our journals, it is considered as certain at Paris, that the republican calendar will be entirely laid aside in September next. Several public offices, even in their official documents, make use of the old. The principal difficulty is said to be, that the financial accounts throughout the empire commence from the 23d of September; but the minister of finance, it is said, has a plan that will obviate this.

Berlin, July 2. A courier, arrived from Alexandersbad, near Barreuth, brings the agreeable intelligence that our beloved monarch may be expected here on the 8th inst. M. Novosiltsoff will then have an audience of his majesty.

Paris, July 6. The troops on the coast are in motion, and their numbers are estimated from 150 to 200,000 men. No less than 2000 vessels are lying ready in the road and in the port. The flotilla consists of praames, being a large kind of vessel, having cannon and horses on board; of gun-boats, pinks, and chaloups, carrying a 24-pounder.

A basin has been formed in the port of Boulogne, capable of receiving one half of the armed vessels.

Scheidam (Holland), July 7. We hear that vice-admiral De Winter has been appointed commander in chief of the Texel expedition, with permission to hoist his flag on board whatever ship he may choose.

HOME NEWS.

Liverpool, June 29. THIS day arrived here the Triton, capt. Marshall, from St. Lucie; which place he left on the 15th May, and brings the following intelligence:

St. Lucie, May 14.—Information was received from capt. Morris, commanding at the Diamond Rock, that a French force, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, six frigates, and three brigs, had that day passed the Rock, and gone into Fort-royal, Martinique. On the 21st May was boarded by a boat from his majesty's ship Goolan, capt. Ascough, off Cape Samana, St. Domingo, and informed him of the arrival of the above fleet at Martinique, with which information he immediately proceeded to Jamaica, to give the information to the admiral. On Monday the 10th June was spoke by his majesty's frigate Mercury, in lat. 40. 51. N. long. 48. bound from Jamaica for England.

The Triton called at Turks Island on the 24th of May, to fill up her water, and was informed that the Jamaica fleet had passed Cape Nicola Mole about a week before.

The Cyane sloop of war and a 44 armed en flute are captured by the French fleet.

Plymouth, July 1. Came in from a cruise the Insolente, 14 guns; also from off Cadiz and Ferrol, the Indefatigable, 44 guns, capt. Moore. She left those squadrons all well a few days since. On her passage home she fell in with a West-India packet, bound to Falmouth, the master of which said, that the French fleet from Europe, of eleven sail of the line, with troops, had arrived at Martinique on the 17th of May. Vice-admiral Dacres's and rear-admiral Cochrane's squadrons were eleven sail of the line, exclusive of a ship of 84 guns at Barbadoes refitting. If vice-admiral lord Nelson had arrived in those seas he could not be many days after them, as he was far in the Atlantic on the 16th of May, waiting for intelligence as to the course he should steer, either for the East or West Indies, being victualled and stored for any part of the world, and three weeks would convey him to the West Indies.

Dublin, July 1. Mr. Hamilton Rowan was this day brought up by *habeas corpus* to the court of King's-bench. Mr. Curran moved that the outlawry in this case should be reversed for error. The attorney-general appeared, and confessed the errors. Mr. Rowan was then put to plead to an indictment for high treason. He pleaded his majesty's pardon, which was read and allowed. Mr. Rowan was then informed that he was at large.

Mr. Rowan then addressed the court. He begged to be permitted in a few words to express his heartfelt gratitude for the clemency of his sovereign.—'When I last (said he) had the honour to stand in this court before your lordships, I said that I did not know the king otherwise than as the head of the state, as a magistrate wielding the force of the executive power. I now know him by his clemency—by that clemency which has enabled me once more to meet my wife and children; to find them not only unmolested, but cherished and protected during my ab-

sence in a foreign country, and my legal incapacity of rendering them the assistance of a husband and a father. Were I to be insensible of that clemency, I should be indeed an unworthy man. All are liable to error. The consequences have taught me deeply to regret the violent measures which I once pursued. Under the circumstances in which I stand—were I to express all I feel upon this subject, it might be attributed to base and unworthy motives; but your lordships are aware how deeply I must be affected by my present situation, and will give me credit for what I cannot myself express.'

Woolwich, July 1. At half past nine o'clock, last night, an alarming fire broke out in the royal arsenal, lately Woolwich Warren, close to the powder magazine, which threatened the whole with destruction. There was a long range of wooden store-houses parallel to the magazine, and at a distance from it of between 10 and 20 yards. This range was filled with combustible matter. Parallel to it stood a second range of store-houses. The distance between these two ranges was not more than sufficient for a waggon to pass, and it was in the second or more remote of the two ranges from the magazine the fire broke out. The fire, as might be expected from the nature of the building and its contents, made a rapid progress; and before the expiration of many minutes after it was discovered, the two ranges of store-houses were one dreadful blaze. The store-houses being completely enveloped in flames, and there being no chance of saving them, the attention of those who first came to the spot was directed to the magazine. A great number of wadmill tilts were hauled up upon the face of the magazine, fronting the fire, and carried over the roof. The engines of the arsenal and town of Woolwich were instantly brought to bear upon the magazine; and, though of a small capacity, they kept the wadmill tilts so wet as to prevent them from catching fire, notwithstanding the fury and proximity of the flaming store-houses. We do not know the exact quantity of powder in the magazine; but it has been stated at between 200 and 300,000 barrels. The greater portion of this is of course deposited in apartments protected against accidental fire. Still, however, a great quantity of it remained in an exposed state, from the necessity of having it convenient and at hand for the workmen daily employed in making cartridges, &c. The apprehension that prevailed at Woolwich, on the first report of the fire, was, that it had broken out in the magazine, and every inhabitant of the place momentarily expected that the magazine would blow up, and that the whole town would be involved in universal ruin. The horror, consternation, and confusion that ensued, would be difficult to describe. The women and children lost not a moment to make their escape. Some fled to Shooter's-hill, some to the Barrack-field, some in other directions. In every approach to the town they might be seen, some dressed, others half dressed; particularly children, who had gone early to bed, and were suddenly roused from their slumbers. Several houses were also stripped by their owners, who were busily employed in carrying off their furniture, and depositing it in a place of safety. Fortunately, however, the engines succeeded in preventing the flames from extending to the magazine; and the two ranges of store-houses were, in about two hours, totally consumed, without doing further mischief. About twelve o'clock, several engines had arrived from within a distance of some miles; but the fire had completely subsided, and they only served to restore confidence to the trembling inhabitants.

July 3. Yesterday, sir R. Ford went down to Woolwich to investigate and endeavour to discover how the fire happened, whether from accident or design; and to examine some persons who were in custody on suspicion of being concerned in effecting this dreadful calamity. After the examination of several persons, it clearly appeared that the fire could not have been the effect of accident, as no fire or candle was ever allowed to be

made use of in the building where the fire burst out, which the sentinel who first discovered it described to appear like a lighted candle burning through the roof; and in a moment afterwards a sudden burst took place, and the flames for several yards round rushed forth with the greatest violence. It appeared in the course of the investigation, that a labourer of the name of Samuel Margatroyd, who worked in a part of the buildings that were consumed, called the lobby, had, on the Sunday morning preceding the fire, made use of very violent expressions to a brother workman, of the name of Norton, who generally worked in a loft over the room where Margatroyd was stationed, and which loft Norton and his companions ascended by a ladder, purporting that he, Margatroyd, would take care that Norton and his shopmates should not go up that ladder again; adding, with an oath, that he would take care so many of them should not go up there any more. Norton also stated, that he saw Margatroyd on the Monday morning, and recollecting the conversation on the Sunday, he asked him, if he would say what he had said to him the day before? which Margatroyd said he would do, as he meant no harm by it. Several other circumstances came out on examination, which it would be imprudent to disclose, as they involved other persons in a suspicion of being concerned in this horrid transaction. Margatroyd was committed for further examination.

The board of ordnance has offered a reward of 500*l.* for discovering the persons concerned in setting fire to the laboratory. The dreadful act must have been premeditated for some time, and planned for the prevention of extinguishing the flames; for when the engines belonging to the yard were brought out, they were rendered nearly useless by four of the brass screws belonging to the leather pipes being injured so much, that they would not screw together. A number of the fire buckets were likewise rendered useless, by being cut, and holes made in them.

London, July 3. This day, John Troy, a young man, about twenty-six years of age, was executed, pursuant to his sentence, in front of Newgate. This unhappy delinquent was convicted of uttering a forged 5*l.* note, with intent to defraud Mr. Rhodes, hosier, in Oxford-street, and the Bank. In the progress of the trial, it was proved that the prisoner had uttered two other notes of the same fabrication; and he was found guilty on the clearest evidence. Previous to the awful moment that terminated his existence, his behaviour was penitent, and when on the fatal platform he appeared to feel a just sense of his dreadful situation. He was cleanly dressed, and bowed to the spectators, many of whom expressed emotions of compassion at his untimely end. The wretched mother of the criminal remained with him until the dreadful separation, under all the agony of grief and distraction. Some time since he married a woman of the town, by whom, it is supposed, he was introduced to the nefarious practice which led to his melancholy catastrophe.

July 5. The public anxiety has lately been very strongly excited by accounts of an alarming indisposition in his majesty's eyes. The public were told, that on a consultation of his physicians it had been declared that a cataract was formed in one of the eyes, and in danger of being immediately formed in the other. We are happy to state that the case has been represented much worse than it really is. Though the unfortunate malady has taken place in one of the eyes, there is understood to be no danger of its communicating to the other, and his majesty in other respects is in the best state of health.

Yesterday his majesty arrived at Buckingham-house from Windsor. In a short time after, Mr. Phipps, the oculist, Dr. Heberden, and Mr. Dundas of Richmond, had a consultation upon the state of his eye, and we understand their report to be that it is better.

BIRTHS.

June 27. At Maple, Durham-house, in the county of Oxford, the lady of Edward Blount, of Bellamore, in the county of Stafford, esq. of a daughter.

28. The honourable Mrs. Warneford, lady of lieutenal colonel Warneford, of the first Wiltshire militia, of a son.

July 2. The lady of the city remembrancer, at Guildhall, of a son.

At Kilruddery, Ireland, the countess of Meath, of a son.

At Culzean castle, Scotland, the right hon. the countess of Cassilis, of a daughter.

3. Lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a son, at the earl of Bristol's, St. James's-square.

5. In Saville-row, the lady of William Hamilton, esq. jun. of a son.

7. In South-street, lady Catherine Stewart, of a son.

10. The countess of Berkeley, of a son, at his lordship's house in Spring Gardens.

14. The lady of colonel Roberts, of Upper Grosvenor-street, of a son.

The lady of John Lyall, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 25. At Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk, W. H. C. Benejet, esq. of the royal artillery, to miss Nelson, daughter of the late rev. William Nelson, of Fransham, in the same county.

27. At St. George's, Hanover square, Richard Eaton, jun. esq. of Stretchworth-house, in the county of Cambridge, to miss Jefferson, only daughter of the late rev. Mr. Jefferson, of King's Langley, Herts.

July 1. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Russell, esq. to miss Sophia Russell, daughter of Claud Russell, esq. of Binfield house, Berks.

2. At King's-Norton, in the county of Worcester, Avery Homer, esq. of Balsall-heath, to miss Ann Gill, second daughter of the late Thomas Gill, esq. of Birmingham.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, John Willett Willett, esq. of Merly house, Dorsetshire, M. P. for New Romney, to miss Wilson, of Wimpole-street.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mrs. Uniacke, daughter of the right hon. J. Claudius Beresford, to Mr. Doyne, of the county of Wexford; and at the same place and day, her youngest sister, miss Beresford, to Mr. White, banker.

6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Strangways Horner, esq. of Mell's Park, colonel commandant of the Home and East Mendip cavalry, to miss Hippesley, eldest daughter of sir J. C. Hippesley, bart.

At Hackney church, William Wilcox, esq. of Camden-street, Islington, to miss Gore, daughter of the late captain Arthur Gore, of the Nassau East Indiaman.

At Edgeware, Thomas Bartrum, esq. to miss Comerford, of Brockley-hill, near Edgeware.

8. At the seat of the hon. Henry Sedley, in Nottinghamshire, lieutenant colonel Francis Cunynghame, late of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to miss Jane Whitefoord, youngest daughter of the late John Whitefoord, bart. of Whitefoord.

11. At Enfield, Thomas Scrafton, esq. of Stanmore, to Mrs. Ostlife, widow of the late Francis Ostlife, esq. of the former place.

14. At Castlegate church, York, Mr. Bartholoman, proprietor of the York Herald, to miss Dixon, of that city.

15. Philip Neill, esq. barrister at law, to miss Elizabeth Charlotte Dyer, eldest daughter of the late — Dyer, esq. of the treasury.

Mr. Vaughan, gentleman of his majesty's chapel royal, to miss Tennant, of Dean-street, Soho.

16. At Colney Hatch, by the rev. Dr. Randolph, of Bath, the rev. W. Money, son of William Money, esq. of Holm-house, near Ross, Herefordshire, to miss Emma Down, daughter of Richard Down, esq. banker, Bartholomew-lane.

20. At Mary-la-bonne church, the hon. colonel Acheson, M. P. eldest son of lord Gosford, to miss Sparrow,

only daughter of Robert Sparrow, esq. of Warlingham-hall, Suffolk.

At the earl of Carhampton's, Cobham, Surrey, the right hon. lord Grantham, to the right hon. lady Henrietta Frances Cole, youngest daughter of the late earl of Enniskillen.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Henry Sansom, esq. of Finsbury-square, to miss Magniac, daughter of Francis Magniac, esq. of Maryland Point, Essex.

21. At Melbourne-house, Whitehall, earl Cowper, to the hon. miss Lambe, second daughter of viscount Melbourne.

22. At Watlington, the rev. George Capper, rector of Little Blakenham, in Suffolk, to miss Reid, daughter of George Reid, esq. of Watlington-hall, Norfolk.

DEATHS.

June 11. At his house in Pulteney-street, Bath, Arthur Davies, esq. of Forest-hall, in Carmarthenshire.

At Edinburgh, Mungo Murray, esq. of Linrose.

19. At his house, at Battersea Rise, William Francis, esq. aged 72 years.

At Bognor Rocks, Sussex, the lady of William Boyd, esq. of the Paragon.

21. At Champion-lodge, Camberwell (the residence of her grandfather), miss Crespigny, the eldest daughter of lieutenant-colonel and lady Sarah Crespigny.

24. At Dublin, the bishop of Limerick (Dr. Bernard), aged 87.

27. At Hadley, near Barnet, Mrs. Montagu Burrows, wife of major Montagu Burrows, of the 14th regiment of foot.

28. At Maize-hill, Greenwich, in the 80th year of his age, Richard Brathwaite, esq. admiral of the white.

At Denmark-hill, Mr. Thomas Ellis, hop merchant, of the borough of Southwark.

At Hadley, Middlesex, Mrs. E. Garrow, eldest daughter of the late rev. David Garrow.

At Ferrybridge, on his road from town, aged 66, the rev. Edward Bowerbank, B. D. rector of Croft and Barningham, both in the north riding of Yorkshire, and prebendary of Lincoln.

John Groves, esq. of Pimlico.

At his lodgings in Great Russel-street, Covent-garden, Roger Blount, esq. in the 96th year of his age.

At Teddington, Middlesex, Mr. Toussaint, late of Sackville-street, Piccadilly.

At Lyme, in Dorsetshire, miss Louisa Birch, daughter of Samuel Birch, esq. of Cornhill.

July 1. At Horsewell house, Devon, the rev. Peregrine Ilbert, archdeacon of Barnstaple, and rector of Farringdon.

2. At his house in Weymouth-street, Dr. Patrick Russell, F. R. S.

3. At Leixlip castle, the hon. Mrs. Cavendish, wife to the hon. George Cavendish, and daughter to James Caulfield, esq. of the county of Tyrone.

6. At Chelsea, Mr. R. Suett, of Drury-lane theatre.

At Greenwich, of a paralytic stroke, captain Medley, third harbour-master of the port of London, formerly commander of the Raymond East Indiaman.

7. After a short illness, at his house at Richmond, Surry, in the 67th year of his age, James Woodbridge, esq.

At his seat at Southgate, Charles Walcot, esq. comptroller of the two-penny post-office.

10. At Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, Thomas Wedgwood, esq. third son of the late Josiah Wedgewood, esq. of Etruria, in Staffordshire.

In Scotland-yard, Mrs. Street, wife of T. G. Street, esq.

14. At her seat at Preswood, Staffordshire, in the 49th year of her age, the hon. Mrs. Foley, relict of the late hon. Edward Foley, of Stoke Edith, Herefordshire, and M. P. for the county of Worcester.

15. At her daughter's, Mrs. Ord's, house, in Dover-street, Mrs. Scott, widow of the late reverend James Scott, and mother of lady Oxford.

Mrs. Morley, aged 69, the wife of William Morley, esq. of Green-street house, East Ham.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Sadi and Amina.